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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6jd.



MR. H. B. IRVING (DICK SHERIDAN) AND MISS EMERY (MISS ELIZABETH LINLEY)

IN "DICK SHERIDAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Paris was startled by another bomb explosion to-day. The outrage occurred at a lodging-house in the Rue St. Jacques, where the bomb was left in a room so as to explode when the door was opened. This it did, four persons being injured, two of them severely.—The news that Mr. Asquith is to marry Miss Margot Tennant, the supposed prototype of "Dodo," was announced to-day, creating a great deal of interest in the country. The Home Secretary had to turn his attention to-day to a subject not unconnected with matrimony, or its absence, in the question of children in industrial schools, over whom he was asked to extend control from sixteen to eighteen years. He thinks that the ordinary detention should be left as it stands, but that legislative power be provided to recall children at the expiration of their term, if sufficient cause is shown.—Williams declared to his unemployed audience on Tower Hill that it would be a good thing for them if half London were burned down. He disclaimed in this any prompting to incendiarism.—A thoroughly legalised destroyer of property, however, in the shape of a new torpedo boat, the Harrier, of 1070 tons displacement, was launched at Devonport.—The Shire Horse Show was opened at Islington.

A remarkable sermon was preached to day by the new Dean of Ely, the Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, at St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, in which he enunciated a Christian social creed of a startling kind for a Churchman. He defined Christian liberty as freedom not to do what one likes, but what one ought; Christian equality as equality not of distribution, but of consideration. Competition of trade had been assimilated to the competition of war, and thereby stood condemned. The moralisation, not the equalisation, of capital is wanted. Most radical of all his points, perhaps, was his demand for the "denationalising of the idle classes."—The political pump has not by any means frozen, despite the physical temperature. A host of speeches were delivered to-night, all over the country: Lord Dunraven, at Bridgend, described the Government as promising everything to everybody; Mr. Matthews, at Saltley, compared Sir William Harcourt to Bottom; the Duke of Rutland, at Melton Mowbray, likened the Government to ill-conditioned schoolboys who refused to play with their school-mates.—The Court of Appeal upheld Mr. Justice Stirling's decision that the "living pictures" at the Empire do not infringe the copyright of the originals.—"The emperor of *impresario* enterprise in this country." It is a startling epithet, but as applied to Sir Augustus Harris by Mr. Henry Neville, who presented him to-day with a "Tantalus" liqueur-stand on behalf of the "Life of Pleasure" company, it may be justifiable.—The finances of Italy are very far from satisfactory, the deficit for 1894-5 being estimated at £7,080,000. The Finance Minister, in the Chamber to-day, unfolded a scheme for saving £6,000,000 a year, and it created a great impression.—Several Anarchists have been arrested in Paris.—The Omladina trial ended at Prague by all the prisoners except two being sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from seven months to eight years.

"Comrade" Asquith is advised by Mr. Cuninghame-Graham in the *Chronicle* not to expel Anarchists, who are "necessary, nay, even useful, if only as a stimulant. England, with all her faults, is the best place of cure for violent Anarchists." A well-known French Anarchist named Gallau was remanded at Bow Street for a week on the charge of feloniously wounding and burglary in France. He was cleaning a window near Euston Road, when a detective "spotted" him from a photograph.—The Queen and the Empress Frederick arrived at Windsor from Osborne to-day.—The man Carter was committed for trial charged with writing a letter threatening the life of her Majesty.—A portion of Sandown Castle, North Deal, which has become unsafe by the encroachments of the sea, was blown up by a detachment of the Royal Engineers. It was built by Henry VIII.—The London School Board debated for five hours the religious question, only to adjourn the discussion again.—The strange disappearance of the Rev. Pedr Williams, minister of Lower Clapton Congregational Chapel, was explained to-night by the deacons. He has been overburdened with debts, a doctor has never been out of his house for years; so he "felt completely crushed, and in a weak moment determined not to face his people again."—An egg of the Great Auk was sold by auction for 300 guineas to Sir Vauncey Crewe, of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire. There are only sixty-eight specimens known to exist (some of them only fragments), of which England possesses forty-five and Scotland three. The egg sold to-day was bought from a Boulogne fisherman, over half a century ago, for two francs.—The sale of the Eglinton family jewels at Christie's brought £6050.—James Balfour, son of the more famous Jabez, applied for an order of discharge in the Bankruptcy Court. The order was suspended for two years.—The Khedive had an interview with Lord Cromer, but nothing is known as to what took place.—M. de Hérédia, the author of a volume of sonnets, was elected to succeed M. de Mazade in the French Academy.

Bourdin, the Greenwich victim, was buried this afternoon in Finchley Cemetery. The police did not permit the procession which was at first proposed, while an Anarchist who attempted to make a speech at the grave was suppressed. At some points of the route the hearse was hooted, and the windows of the Autonomie Club were smashed. Six medical students obstructed the police

in Fitzroy Square, and were taken before the Marlborough Street Police Court magistrate.—The boy Anarchist who recently stabbed the ex-Servian Minister in Paris was sentenced to-day to penal servitude for life. Henry is said to have confessed to having been solely responsible for the outrage in the Rue des Bons Enfants.—The trial of the fourteen Anarchists in Vienna resulted in their being sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from eight to ten years.—Two Anarchists were sentenced to imprisonment for seditious language at Berlin.—An Anarchist club has been discovered at Copenhagen.—A boat was sunk by a torpedo in Holyhead Harbour to-day and her crew rescued with difficulty.—A coastguard boat, after rescuing a crew at Inverness to-night, was swamped and six men were drowned.—Sir John Bennet Lawes and Sir J. Henry Gilbert were presented with the Albert Medal for their famous agricultural experiments.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone visited the studio of Mr. Percy Wood to see a bust of the late Sir Andrew Clark.

Another disaster in Africa is the sensational event of to-day's news. A small detachment of West Indian troops stationed on the Gambia, co-operating with bluejackets from the flagship Raleigh and the gunboat Widgeon attacked a native chief, Fodi Silah. Two stockaded villages were taken, but on the force returning to the boats it was attacked on all sides, with the result that three officers and ten men were killed and five officers and forty men wounded, some of them dangerously.—The Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess and his daughters, opened the Polytechnic Institute at Battersea this afternoon, while the Duke of York opened the new National Dental Hospital and College in Great Portland Street. The building was the gift of the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden. While Battersea has got its Polytechnic, it has lost the famous organ which adorned the ill-fated Albert Palace. It has been purchased for the New Abbey Church at Fort Augustus, a special twenty-five truck goods train having had to be chartered to take it across the border.—The English members of the Freeland Pioneer Expedition started to-day for Hamburg, which they leave on Wednesday with the Continental contingent to found a commonwealth in the highlands of Central Africa.—Mauritius has again been devastated by a hurricane. A heavily laden train was blown into a river, fifty persons being killed and many injured.—The Waterloo Cup was won by Texture, the property of Count Stroganoff.

A granary at Rotherhithe was burned this morning, the damage being estimated at £50,000.—On the "eye for an eye" principle, someone has written to the Autonomie Club that on the first explosion "caused by any of your dirty crew in England it shall soon be followed by a second, and the second will be the firing of a bomb in your club, and I shall take care that there is a full houseful of you, and that your carcasses shall be blown sky high."—Mr. Herbert Burrows ridiculed Anarchy in an address at Kelmscott House to-night.—Herr Adolf Ferles, one of the principal cashiers in the Public Debt Office in Vienna, after committing defalcations to the extent of some 105,000 florins, shot himself dead in the Prater this morning.

The eight-hours Government day began in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, this morning.—Mr. Yates Thompson has offered to erect a monumental chapel in Old Palace Yard in connection with Westminster Abbey, at a cost not exceeding £38,000. The First Commissioner of Works, in reply, says that the Government and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are taking steps to remove the houses on the proposed site, and until that is done the definite answer to the offer had better be deferred.—The Queen came to town to-day for the Drawing Room.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE CHARLATAN. A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan.
At 8, SIX PERSONS, by I. Zangwill.
MATINEE of THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATINEES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 1.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.
Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram.
Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S
Company Every Evening, at 8, in Shakspeare's comedy,
TWELFTH NIGHT.
MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA.
(53rd Time.)
MATINEE, Saturday, at 2. Saturday MATINEES on March 10 and 17. Special Wednesday MATINEES, Feb. 28 and March 7 and 14. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.
"A record performance!"—Daily Telegraph.

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TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH. ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED.
MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Most Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Bazaars, Fleets of Real Turkish Caiques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Bridge of Boats, Marvellous Subterranean Lake, Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palace, Astounding Tableaux of the Arabian Nights. GRAND SPECTACLE at 2.30 and 8.30.
TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.
Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH (MRS. FRANK MARSHALL)
Continues to Give Lessons in
ELOCUTION AND THE DRAMATIC ART.
Pupils prepared for Matinees and Private Theatricals. Address, 8, Bloom-bury Square, W.C.

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THE ANARCHIST.
DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

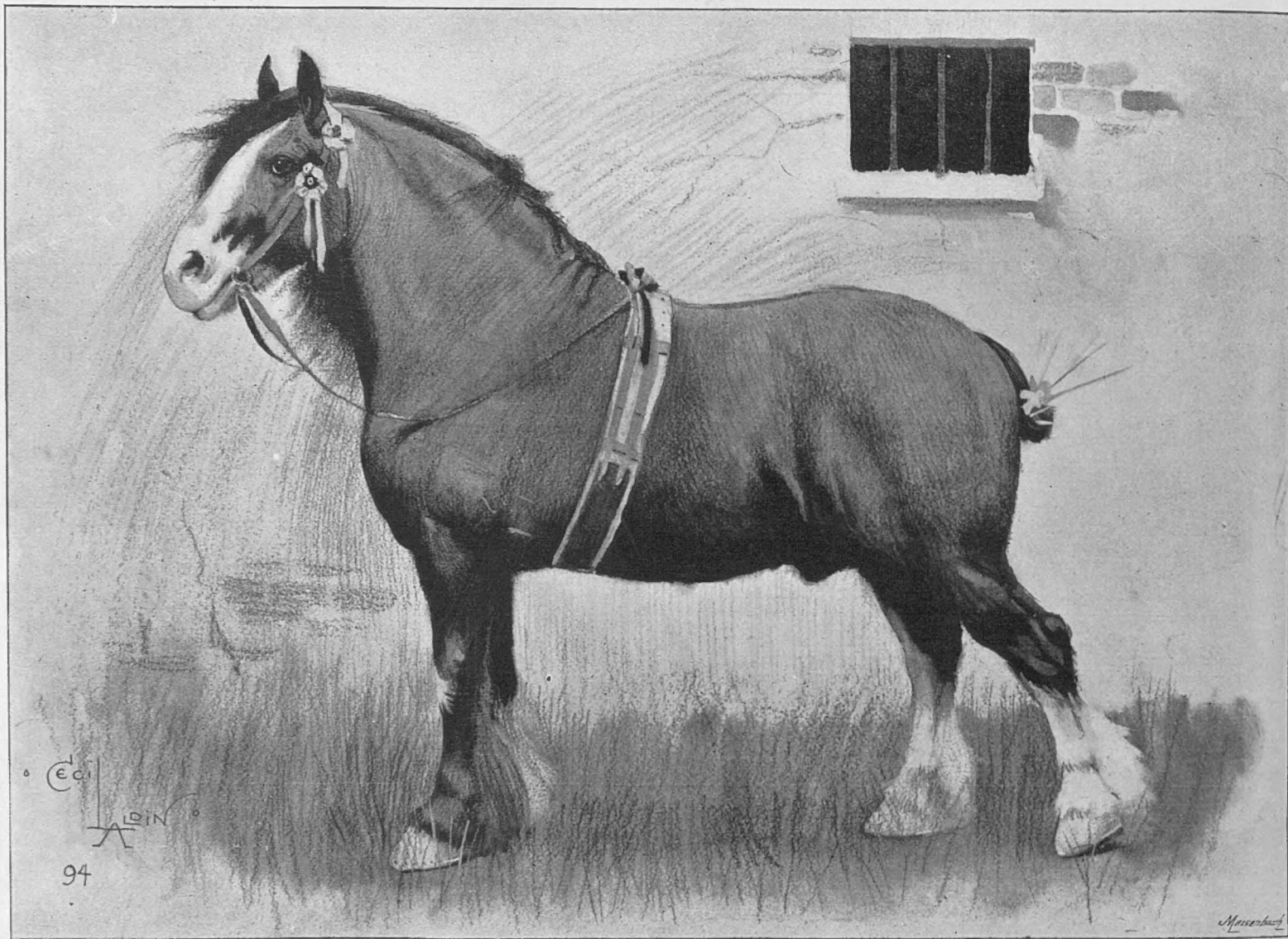
"THE NEW BOY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Before "The New Boy" we had what one may call "the new girl," in the person of Miss Esmé Beringer as heroine of "The Gentleman Whip," an artificial comedietta a little, but not a great deal, better than the ordinary *lever de rideau*. Miss Esmé, sister of Vera, who used to delight us in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," not only has the charm of youth and a pretty face, but shows real ability for light comedy, a feeling for sentiment, and a surprising technique, considering her inexperience.

"The New Boy" is likely to be more attractive to males than to females, and to the elder male than to the younger male—it sounds like a sentence from a treatise on real property. The essential humours of schoolboy life require a little distance for focussing. Time must have

them are humane, for most of them are cruel as boys and few more cruel than "Bullock Major," who could thrash anyone in the school. He had a talent for torturing that would have been appreciated in the Middle Ages. For the entertainment of the new boy they played games in the dormitory such as the "Rat Hunt," in which he was allowed the juvenile lead, and was to be adjudged winner if, crawling on hands and knees, he escaped with less than ten blows in two minutes: he never won.

Providence was not even content with this. Martha had to be punished by seeing a lively sixteen-year-old schoolgirl flirt atrociously with her husband, who could not resist; while she also saw Dr. Candy grow indignant and threaten birching to poor Rennick because of his use of "club" language and preference for whisky and cigarettes to ginger-pop and peg-tops. Trouble culminated in Bullock Major's greed for green apples. With blood-curdling threats he forced poor Rennick to crawl through a hole in a fence to steal them; Mr. Stubber, the owner of the



"BURY VICTOR CHIEF" (FIVE YEARS OLD), THE WINNER OF THE HUNDRED-GUINEA CHALLENGE CUP AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW, ISLINGTON.

softened the shadows of the substantial griefs and troubles experienced by the new boy before one can feel the truly comic aspect of them; yet, some experience is needed in order that they may appear real.

The relict of — Boulter, Esq., late of, &c., in choosing her second husband, obeyed the strange law of average that makes extremes mate. She was a vast, opulent woman, so she married Archibald Rennick, at whose physique a recruiting sergeant would turn up his nose. Unfortunately, the little man's brains were proportioned to his body, and in a few months their fortune took wings—to speak more accurately, the bulk of it was sunk in the Dry Champagne Company (Limited). Like the unjust steward, Rennick had no useful accomplishments, and, unlike him, had no opportunity of being dishonest. Famine stared them in the face.

With no definite plan, Martha Rennick went to see an old admirer—Dr. Candy, a schoolmaster—but she concealed from him the fact that she had a second husband: perhaps she excused herself, like Marryat's servant-maid, because "it was such a little one." However, Rennick entered the room inopportunely, when she was getting on capitally with the doctor. "This is your little boy, I suppose?" said the pedagogue. What could she answer? To tell the truth would be brutal—even worse, expensive, for the doctor had told her that by his will she would take all his property, if unmarried. So out came the fib—"Yes; my son Freddy."

Then Dr. Candy offered to make her matron of the school and to complete the education of her wonderfully young-looking husband. Worse, however, was to happen than this: the doctor, not unnaturally, decreed a separation *a mensâ et thoro*, and the false Freddy was ordered to board and bed with the boys. It is to the credit of men that some of

apples, caught the thief red-handed and gave him in charge, so he was haled to the police-station, then bailed.

Meanwhile, fortune relented, and sent up the shares in the Dry Champagne Company (Limited) with a bang, for a large trade sprang up in Africa owing to the natives' appreciation of the curious wine, which they preferred to rum. Consequently, Martha Rennick was emboldened to begin to declare her secret to the doctor, when the awful news suddenly came that poor Freddy, who had gone to stand his trial, had not been fined or imprisoned, but been ordered to receive twelve strokes on that portion of the human system which many believe was created by Providence for that purpose. Everyone prepared to bustle off to the "beak" to prevent the catastrophe, when the hero turned up unbirched, but gloomy. He had unbosomed himself to the magistrate, who, of course, had no power to inflict corporal punishment on one of mature years. The end of all was peace and prosperity on a champagne basis.

The play, like the celebrated performance of "Hamlet," is "funny without being vulgar," and was received with a hearty laughter that it is delightful to hear and indulge in. Mr. Arthur Law may owe something to "Vice Versâ"; but we owe a great deal to him for treating his subject with some wit, much humour, and considerable ingenuity. It is excellently played. No one could be funnier than Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the new boy, in which his natural dry humour and restrained art created a great comic effect. Miss May Palfrey acted very cleverly as the schoolgirl flirt, Miss Esmé Beringer was charming as a pretty servant, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas played Bullock Major with wonderful truth. "The New Boy" is well worth a visit.

MONOCLE.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

The pretty young actress who is charming all London at Terry's Theatre is not such a neophyte as her extreme youth might lead us to suppose. Her stage career practically commenced when she was twelve, when she understudied her sister Vera in the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Her mother is not likely to forget that *début*. It was a very exciting occasion. The part had to be played at two hours' notice, and Mrs. Beringer spent that time in flying round London to try to get a ready-made suit which would fit the little girl. At last the difficulty was surmounted, and the child went on, looking lovely. She acquitted herself so well that everyone was delighted, and Mrs. Kendal rushed out to Rimmel's after the second act was finished, and bought a silver scent-bottle to present to the juvenile actress. In looks she was an ideal Fauntleroy, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's own ideal of the character being a fair-haired child with china-blue eyes; in fact, she had waged an ineffectual war with Vera's mother to dye the Venetian locks which were Vera's greatest glory. Little Esmé had many more chances of



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.
MISS BERINGER.

playing the part during the provincial tour, and if Vera was tired she would always take her place, and get as many calls as her sister would have done.

We next find the little Esmé playing in some very important private theatricals given at a birthday party by Sir Spencer Wells. The play was called "Snowdrop," and was written by her talented mother, Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Both the sisters acted in this fairy play, Esmé as the innocent heroine, Vera as a malignant fairy, made up so as to look curiously like Sarah Bernhardt. A better impersonation of Snowdrop could scarcely have been found; the Press raved about the pretty child, and her performance was considered most promising. The play was got up in princely style, and Golden Hill was turned into a bower of snowdrops.

The next appearance of the talented child was in "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, given at the Gaiety Theatre. After this came a period of rest, when the little girl went back to the school-room, and the public heard no more of her till last summer, when she appeared as the girlish heroine in "Between the Posts," at a *matinée* given at the Comedy by Mrs. Hugh Bell in aid of the District Visiting Society of Sloane Square. The programme was made up entirely of works by Mrs. Hugh Bell, and first-rate artists took part in the performance, such as Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Brookfield. Miss Beringer played her duologue on this occasion in company with Mr. Arthur Playfair, but a few weeks later she repeated the performance in company with Mr. George Hawtrey for a charity at Chelsea, and took the principal part in "Scholar's Mate." Mr. Hawtrey played very sympathetically, and Miss Beringer made a charming *ingénue*.

A larger venture came in June, when she was invited to take part in the quintuple bill at Terry's Theatre, under the Charrington management, and played three widely different parts with marked success. The three one-act plays in which she appeared were by Conan Doyle, Lady Colin Campbell, and Thomas Hardy, and she had good Press notices for all. But by far her greatest achievement of last season was the work she did in her mother's romantic drama, "Bess," in which she played a difficult part with singular grace and *aplomb*. Both in the light comedy and pathetic scenes the young actress greatly distinguished herself, and her mother must have felt a double pleasure in seeing the part she had created so admirably filled by her beloved child. "Bess" was played at a very smart *matinée* at the St. James's Theatre in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Miss Geneviève Ward played the heroine, fresh from colonial triumphs in the same part, and other characters were played by Miss Helen Forsyth, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Seymour Hicks, the latter playing the near-sighted young doctor, whom Miss Beringer had such trouble in teaching to dance. It will be seen that the young actress played in company with a very distinguished cast on this occasion, and "Sweet Seventeen" came triumphantly out of the ordeal.

Such a talented girl was not likely to be long in want of an engagement, and a month since Miss Esmé Beringer received several offers of work from Mr. Penley and others, but accepted a small part in the "Gauntlet" at the Royalty, with the understudy of Svava, which was to be played by Miss Annie Rose. Miss Beringer is said to have made an ideal Svava, and it would have, doubtless, been an interesting performance. She withdrew, however, from the cast before the commencement of the piece, and received an invitation to join Mr. Weedon Grossmith's company, which is now appearing at Terry's. She plays the youthful heroine in "The Gentleman Whip," looking lovely in her old-world costume. She also appears in "The New Boy," and is understudying Miss May Palfrey in the part of the heroine. The young actress has great natural gifts—a lovely face, a complexion of milk and roses, and a certain flower-like daintiness. She has not, however, made her mark by these gifts alone, but by study and hard work. She has learnt much during the time she has spent in understudying, and has gained experience which will stand her in good stead. She and her sister Vera both owe a great deal to the home atmosphere in which they have been reared and to the influence of their cultured and brilliant mother. It speaks well for this training that neither of the girls has been in the least spoiled by the applause and admiration they have received, but have remained ideal English girls, frank without boldness, and modest without affectation.

L. H. A.

EXPLANATORY.

Your mandate is that I should tell
In Saxon words that please you well
My love, celestial demoiselle,
Who are my soul's affinity.
But Saxon words I seldom use:
The emanations of my muse
Persistently, chaste nymph, diffuse
An odour of Latinity.

Old English words are sweet and terse,
And you desire me to coerce
My muse to use them in my verse,
For brevity's the strength of them.
But, ah! it's evident to me
The value and utility
Of vocables must always be
Dependent on the length of them.

Latin derivatives that haunt
My mind I'd flee from, but I can't;
I must denominate my aunt
My "female consanguinity."
I hasten not, I "expedite";
And "fit" with me is "apposite";
For "close at hand" I always write
"Immediate vicinity."

For, oh! I write descriptive "pars,"
Brief leaders, "Full Particulars,"
For *Evening Posts* and *Morning Stars*—
Yes; I write more than anyone.
What rare periphrases are mine,
What polysyllables combine
To decorate each long-drawn line!
For each line's but a penny one.

Hence, what to you may errors seem
Full many journalists esteem,
Nay, even editors may deem
Conventional proprieties.
Slave to this style, I can't fulfil,
Oh, dear, ingenuous maid, your will,
Yet here is my solatium still—
It has "transpired" now why it is.

M. S.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Linde, of the Curragh, who owns Ardearn and other good horses, was at one time a sergeant-major in a cavalry regiment. He is one of the best judges of horseflesh in Ireland, and he can train both horses and jockeys to perfection. Mr. Linde always has his horses trained over a big country: as a consequence, they never fall in the Grand National. He is a good patron of the Manchester Meeting, and seldom returns from New Barns without a good prize or two.

It is apparent to the meanest capacity that some good horses, when ridden by amateurs, display shocking form, and the fault does not rest with the horses. Luckily, we have several reliable gentlemen riders, and of their number may be mentioned the brothers Ripley. The elder of the brothers is Mr. A. H. Ripley, who has been fairly successful in the saddle this year; and it can in truth be said of him that if the horse is good enough he is sure to win. Mr. A. H. Ripley rides straight to hounds, and gets good practice in riding horses at exercise. Like his brother, he has a perfect seat in the saddle. He is a capital judge of pace, and a good judge of horseflesh. It is well known that some of our amateur riders are apt to try and take a mean advantage of their opponents. Not so the brothers Ripley, who always ride to win, but never attempt to snatch a dishonourable victory by hampering an opponent. Would that this were more frequently the case!



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.
MR. A. H. RIPLEY.

Arcano has been heavily backed for the City and Suburban, but it may be that, after all, the colt will be reserved for the Derby, as Sir W. Throckmorton would rather win the Blue Riband of the Turf once than all the handicaps decided in twelve months. At the same time, should Arcano go to the post for the City, he would start a very warm favourite, and Chandler thinks he would win easily. It is, however, a remarkable fact that favourites just get done for the City, and Mr. Dorling's handicaps generally end all right for his reputation.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is a sportsman of the first water. I shall never forget how anxious he was to put all his friends on Amandier for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot last year, and now he has sounded a note of warning about Hayhoe's horses for the Lincolnshire Handicap. It seems that Le Nicham, Harfleur II., and Opoponax are to be tried, and the best of the trio will be backed by the stable. This is as it should be, and the "best" is very likely to go close. The victory would be most popular, anyway.

Not only is Cloister being well watched, but equal care is taken of Dollery, the horse's rider. From a trustworthy source comes the statement that he will not ride in public again until the Grand National. Cloister never goes so well as when he is ridden by Dollery, who has studied the peculiarities of the horse. Dollery's wonderful success has been brought about by pluck and perseverance. From the lowest rung he has climbed to the top of the ladder. As a boy he was engaged in looking after sheep on the hills overlooking Mr. Yates's establishment in Hampshire.

Passing much of his time in such close proximity to the famous training stable, it was not to be wondered at that he took great interest in the doings of the horses, and at last he determined to enter a racing stable. His application to Mr. Yates was favourably received. So well did he go about his work that he soon attracted the attention of Mr. Yates and Swatton.

He was practically given a free hand in the Grand National last year, and the bold tactics he pursued met with their due reward. I shall never forget the enthusiasm displayed by the large crowd when Cloister came sailing home a gallant winner, after making every yard of the running. Dollery was a happy man on that afternoon, and I hope will be after the race next March.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

We are again revelling—or otherwise—in almost Arctic cold as regards temperature, although the weather itself is brilliantly clear, with bright sunshine and blue skies. The roads are as hard as iron, and the wind, after the sun has set, piercingly cold. Still, for young and healthy people the weather is ideal, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is filled daily by rosy-cheeked young damsels taking their matutinal walk, who evidently think the same.

From the Riviera comes the glad tidings of perpetual warmth and sunshine. The season at Monte Carlo is at its height, and the gambling rooms are filled almost to suffocation. There has been a lack of plungers this year, the most venturesome player up to now being Mrs. Langtry, although she always knows when she has won or lost enough. M. Max Lebaudy has returned to Paris, and his place at the fair lady's side is filled with the greatest devotion by Mr. Peel.

A graphic description of a hat worn by Mrs. Langtry at the tables one day was lately sent me by a lady from Monte Carlo: "A bright green straw, trimmed with huge peacock-blue bows and mauve and white lilac." This impossible *mélange* of colours sounds decidedly Parisian.

The Anarchist outrages still continue, and are planned for the most part with a skill and ingenuity worthy of the Evil One himself. A man, giving the false name of Étienne Rabardy, engaged a room, at five francs the week, at a small hotel, stating he would return in a few hours with his luggage, and asked to be allowed to wash his hands in his room meanwhile. He shortly afterwards went out, and the next thing that happened was the arrival of the Commissary of Police, who said he had just received a letter from the new lodger, stating that he was about to commit suicide on account of a disappointment in love, and entreating that his body might be given to his friends, to whom letters would be found addressed, and not sent to the Morgue, as is the usual custom. The landlady expressed no surprise, as she said Rabardy had looked a sentimental, weak kind of man. They mounted to the room, and on opening the door with a duplicate key a tin box came crashing down from the top and fell at their feet. "It is a bomb!" was, naturally, their simultaneous exclamation as they fled for their lives. The police and experts arrived in shoals, and pronounced it to be one of the Anarchist torpedoes—the most dangerous of all. After a long consultation, it was determined to open the windows and attach an electric wire, connected with a tube and small dynamite cartridge, and explode the bomb where it was, as it was certain death for anyone to touch it. This was accordingly done with great success and not too much damage to the house, the landlord of which is to be compensated by the Government.

The same wretch did a similar outrage at another small hotel in the Rue St. Jacques. The landlady went into his room after he had gone out, and saw, upon a shelf this time, an object looking suspiciously like a bomb. She immediately sent for the police, who were some time in arriving, and the poor woman, accompanied by two lodgers, had the temerity to enter the room again to look at it, when a dreadful explosion took place, causing severe injuries to them all, but especially the landlady, who had part of her body blown away, and died the next evening. The whole house was wrecked, and the furniture smashed to atoms. The theory for both crimes is that a grudge was owed against the Commissaries of Police of both quarters by the Anarchist, and it was his intention to blow them up, hence the letters written about his intended suicide.

Two rival hairdressers have been airing their griefs in court much to the public amusement. Hairdresser No. 1 had carried on a most successful business in the Passage Choiseul, until one fine day a rival appeared on the horizon and set up shop next door. Hairdresser No. 1 immediately announced to the public at large, on a large placard: "Established in 1851. No branches. Superiority proved by forty years' existence." Hairdresser No. 2 then displayed a still larger board with "No branches. Fresh blood. Progress with the times. New fashions require fresh artists." This was too much for Hairdresser No. 1, so he set to work and concocted the following inscription on a placard so immense that it almost obstructed the way: "My neighbour's wife deceives him" (in French, is unfaithful to him)—this in huge letters, while underneath in the smallest imaginable type, "if she tells him his hair-wash is better than mine." Hairdresser No. 2 now claims 20,000 francs damages for his rival's little joke. Judgment, as usual, in ten days.

Overheard in a well-known financier's drawing-room—

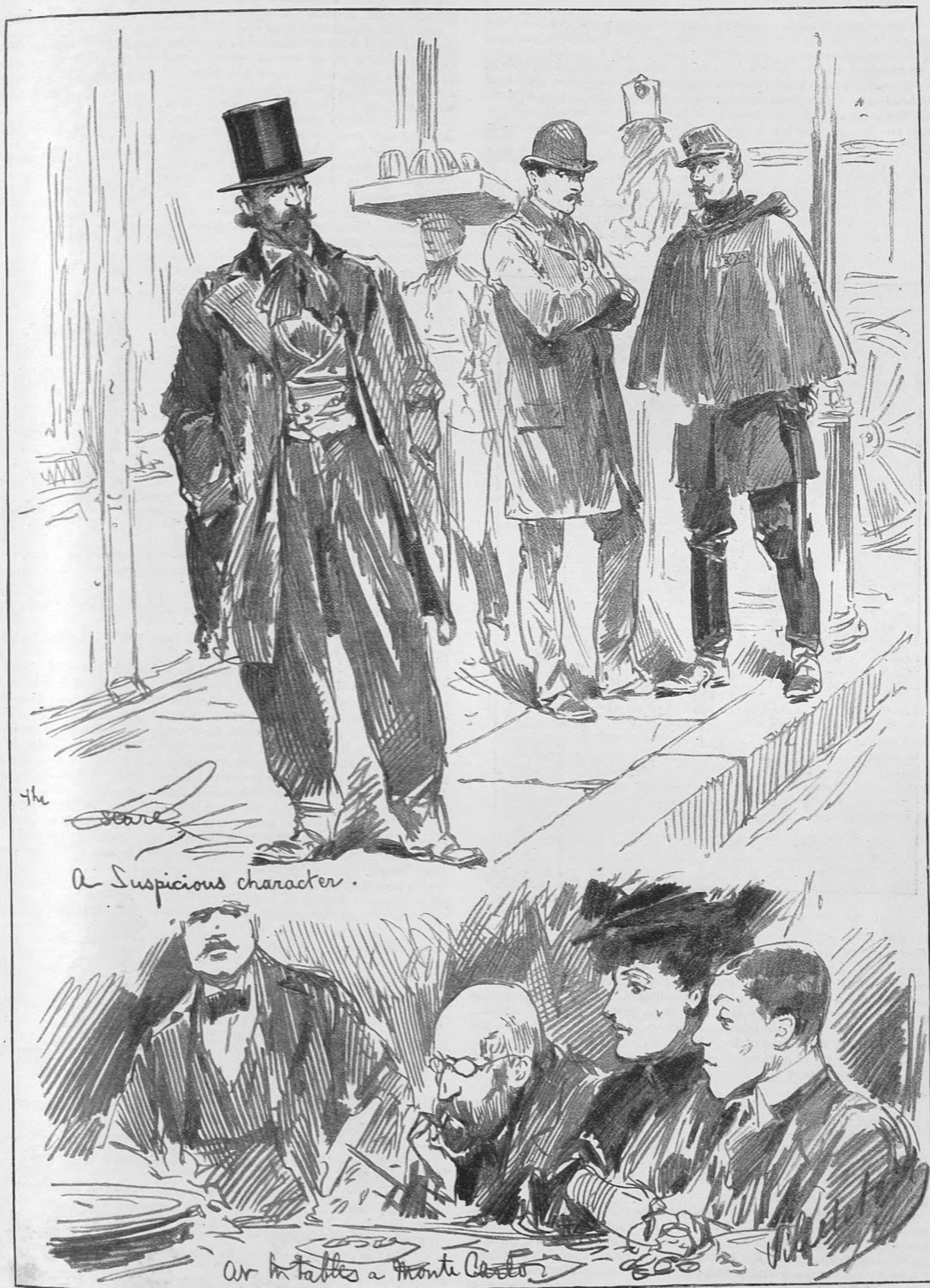
"You know by reputation C., the famous animal painter?"

"Of course."

"Well, he's going to paint my portrait; it will be one of the successes of the next Salon."

The Prince de Looz-Corswarem is very much wanted in Paris by a Madame Julien, whom he has swindled of 500,000 francs, under pretence of marrying the Princesse Alexandra Demidoff de San Donato, whose dot was to be 5,000,000 francs. He is believed to be hiding somewhere in London.

MIMOSA.



THROUGH THE MATABELE WAR.

A CHAT WITH MR. R. T. CORYNDON.

There are the bones of quite an adventure tale in the chat I have been having (writes a *Sketch* interviewer) with Mr. R. T. Coryndon, back from Matabeleland. It is good now and then to get hold of a man who can bring the scent of virgin nature—if you like, an echo of the rattle of war—across our weary footlights at home. It tends to make the blood sing, even in home-keeping veins.

"Tell me it yarnwise, Mr. Coryndon, as if never a word of it were intended for anybody to hear but myself."

"All right, only where shall I begin? If at the beginning, then I'm a South Afrikaner by birth, came to England, and was four and a-half years down at Cheltenham getting educated; then went home again to South Africa in 1888, spent a year in a Kimberley lawyer's



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

MR. R. T. CORYNDON.

office, and got somewhat tired of law by the end of the twelfth month. Accordingly, I joined the Bechuanaland Border Police, which, for short, we call the B.B.P., and transferred to the British South Africa Company's pioneer corps when it went up into Mashonaland. About that march up to Fort Salisbury—Salisbury as it simply is now—I need say nothing, because the story of it has been told time and again. I was for two and a-half years in the offices of the Chartered Company at Salisbury, then, with two other white men, went on a hunting expedition to the Zambesi. We spent some time at Zumbo, a Portuguese settlement on the Zambesi."

"What sort of folk are the Portuguese half-castes up there; we hear a good deal about them?"

"They treated us very well indeed, particularly the Commandant. On the way back to Salisbury we came on six white rhinoceroses, shot two, and captured one alive. White rhinoceroses, everybody is aware, are very scarce, and, therefore, valuable. The one we captured alive, which was quite a young thing, died some days after of a broken heart. A later expedition I organised after white rhinoceroses resulted in my killing two young bulls for English collections, and they have now been brought home, and are being prepared. From this second expedition I got back to Salisbury just before the starting of the column for Matabeleland. I joined the column—A Troop, Salisbury Horse, Captain Maurice Heany—and got a sergeant's stripes right away. Our two big engagements, as you'll remember—always recollect I was with the Salisbury column—were at Shangani and Bembisi. Some of the skirmishes, too, were pretty hot, but I did not get hurt at all."

"Tell me, was an absolutely strict military discipline preserved? Was it just as if it had been a column of ordinary troops?"

"Yes and no. In the routine sense there was no severe discipline, but where important matters were at stake the greatest strictness was entailed. For instance, if a man on guard had been found asleep, I imagine he would have been shot. There was no such case, nothing of the kind, but I want to illustrate to you where the strict discipline came in. Everything in the way of accoutrements was supplied to the men, unless they happened to have and preferred to use their own things. A very large proportion of us had our own rifles, and, as we had been accustomed to them, we naturally preferred to use them, provided they took the regulation cartridge."

"Bembisi was the big fight which brought you within range of Buluwayo, was it not?"

"We got to Buluwayo four days after Bembisi, rested there a week, chiefly for the sake of the horses, and then went after Lobengula. There was reason to suppose he had gone to a place called Inyati, a deserted mission station, and so for Inyati we made. We surprised the place with the intention of capturing the king, but we were disappointed, for he had never been there. Thinking the king ahead, however, we went further north to the Buby River, again turned back to Inyati, and then made for Shiloh, another mission station, where we got reinforcements and provisions."

"And that, I think, ended the first patrol in pursuit of Lobengula?"

"It did. A change was made in the troops, mine going back to Buluwayo. The experiences of the second patrol after the king and the disaster that overtook it are familiar. When rumour of the disaster reached us at Buluwayo, a relief column was organised, and we proceeded to meet Forbes. We found him at the junction of the Longwe and Shangani rivers, and came back with him to Buluwayo. We reached Buluwayo on Dec. 18, and two days after, along with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, I started down country on my way to England, where I am very glad to be."

"Now, I want to ask you one or two questions about the Matabele, their country, and poor old Lobengula."

"Very well. Everybody was sorry for Lobengula personally, because he was a good old chap. He did not want the war himself, but he could not keep his people in hand. The Matabele are a superior people to the other native races surrounding them, only a very little, I should say, below the Zulu nation, from whom they come. They are fierce, warlike, and physically powerful men, especially the real Matabele, leaving aside the people of other tribes who have mingled with them. A great deal of native beer is drunk in the country, but not much alcohol—I suppose because it is not to be got. Comparing them with other native women, those of the Matabele nation are handsome, well-built, and have pleasing faces. When I say well-built I don't mean tall so much as strongly formed, lithe, and graceful. Most of them are stout—plump would be the better word, because plumpness is the great beauty with them—and they drink the native beer, which is very fattening, in order to be plump. What with looking after the children, attending to the crops, and so on, the Matabele women may well be called hard-working. As plumpness is the greatest beauty of the women, muscle, strength, vigour, stature, are the admired qualities in the men, and children are often done away with if it is thought they will not grow into fine men."

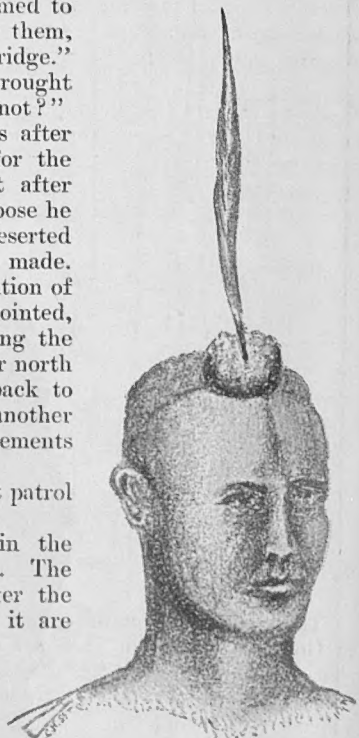
"Probably I shall get the best idea of Matabeleland as a country if you will be good enough to compare it with Mashonaland?"

"Both countries are flat and bushy, and Mashonaland is best for agriculture, Matabeleland best for stock. Gold in large quantities has been found in Mashonaland, and undoubted indications of gold have also been found in Matabeleland. Both are valuable countries, beyond any sort of question."

"Do you go back to Africa, for I suspect you find our grey skies but a poor contrast to its sunny ones?"

"Yes; I'm going to Central Africa, probably to the north of the Zambesi, to hunt big game and collect insects for museum purposes—to hunt and pursue the work of a naturalist. Shall I send you some specimens?"

I said I didn't think I was rich enough to buy a white rhinoceros, and he laughed.



MATABELE SOLDIER, WITH TUFT OF JAY'S FEATHERS AND LONG CRANE'S FEATHER.



CAPTURED MATABELE BOY.

Height, 2ft. 11in.
Paunch Measurement, 2ft. 4in.
Chest Measurement, 1ft. 11in.
Circumference of Head, 1ft. 9in.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen left Osborne on Thursday, after a stay of eight weeks, and will not return to the Isle of Wight until the beginning of July. Her Majesty has been in excellent health during her residence at Osborne, and has driven out every day for several hours, in addition to her "morning constitutional" in the donkey carriage in the private grounds. The Queen has made several excursions to points of interest in the island, though, as a rule, her Majesty does not leave the grounds of Osborne, where there is a private drive of over eight miles through the well-wooded park, which embraces every variety of scenery, and affords beautiful views of the Solent.

With the arrival of the Court at Windsor commences the usual steady flow of distinguished visitors to the Castle. The ordinary guest sees but a very little of royalty, and a visit to the Castle is at all times a very formal affair. The visitor arrives at the Castle in time to dress for dinner, and, as soon as he has donned the regulation full dress, awaits the entrance of her Majesty to the Grand Corridor, the finest apartment, without exception, in the Castle, hung with a most interesting collection of pictures, and the walls lined on either side with cabinets containing a priceless collection of china. The contents of one of these cabinets alone has been valued by an excellent judge at £25,000. As the Queen passes through the corridor on her way to the oak dining-room, she addresses a few words to each of her guests. At the conclusion of the meal, the visitors reassemble in the corridor, and her Majesty again exchanges a remark or two with them before retiring to her private apartments. This is all the intercourse the ordinary visitor holds with his royal hostess, and the following morning he returns to town, delighted to think that the whole thing is over and that his name will be duly recorded in the "Court Circular" of every daily paper in the kingdom.

The determination of the Queen to travel via Flushing and the St. Gothard caused an immense amount of trouble, but, thanks to the able management of Mr. Dossé, the Director of Royal Journeys, everything has now been settled with the heads of the various railway systems over which the royal train will pass. The Queen's carriages, horses, garden-chair, and donkey, plate, books, linen, and other accessories are to be despatched to Florence next week, and also the first detachment of servants.

The Prince of Wales has escaped the threatened return of dyspepsia, which recently caused his medical men some uneasiness, and is now wonderfully well. When one thinks of the enormous amount of hard work that a royal personage has to undergo in the ordinary performance of the daily duties demanded by his position, it is extraordinary that any constitution can stand the continued strain. The Prince of Wales has, practically, lived half-a-dozen lives. Every hour of the day—and, for that matter, the best part of the night too—has for years past been mapped out months ahead, and the mere physical fatigue of this constant succession of journeyings, functions, and speech-makings would of itself be sufficient to wear out any ordinary human being in a very few years. Yet, his Royal Highness has managed to get through all this terrible round of toil—for him there is no eight-hour day—to the complete satisfaction of the nation.

Several journals in their obituary notices of the late Hans von Bülow have spoken of his "eccentric genius." With my knowledge of the great pianist, I have no hesitation in saying that his genius was never eccentric. Eccentric, indeed, was his personality, and many were the odd things he did when his exuberant animal spirits overflowed; but no trace of eccentricity ever entered into his art, for which he had far too great a reverence to allow himself to make that a vehicle for his peculiarities. Bülow had a wide appreciation for all art, not for his own only. With regard to the great composers, I have known him say that in his opinion Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner were the three greatest, the three most richly gifted by Nature, the three that by their art had most consistently developed Nature's gifts. Of modern actors, he was enthusiastic in his praises of Salvini and Rossi, and, curiously enough, considering the attitude of nearly all the English critics, thought Rossi, if anything, slightly the superior of the two. There was no subject of human interest connected with art or philosophy on which the pianist's opinion was not of real interest, and it was always expressed in the most fascinating manner. The partner of a foreign musical house located in London, whose influence one would have supposed would have at that time been most useful to Bülow, asked him to meet two foreign (Spanish, if I remember rightly) musicians, and give his opinion as to their attainments. The opinion was not a particularly favourable one, and Bülow's contemptuous exclamation with regard to the visit, "*Er brachte zwei Chinesen mit*," which reached the publisher's ears, created a certain coolness that could hardly have been to the material advantage of the great pianist.

Strange are the mistakes made by our country cousins. I was told the other day of one who, being introduced by a London chum to Arthur Roberts, supposed him to be the great billiard champion, and asked to be allowed the honour of playing him a couple of hundred up. "With pleasure," replied our unrivalled comedian in his own inimitable manner; "but, let me see, I have an engagement next Thursday week," from which remark I presume that Arthur is more at home on the boards of the theatre than on those of green cloth.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, the author of numerous plays of varying success, who some time since was a master at Sherborne Grammar School, but who is now devoting himself to literary and musical work in London, has finished his translation of the German play, "The Talisman," for Mr. Tree, and I believe that his work is already in rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre. The motive of the original play is, I believe, taken from that delightful story by Hans Christian Andersen, "The Emperor's New Clothes."

I well remember the late Philip Marston advising me to read the imaginative tales of Edgar Allan Poe, and especially recommending to my notice that ghastly story, "The Pit and the Pendulum." Mr. Charles Freeman, the author of a melodrama lately produced in the provinces, has utilised with some effect the pendulum *motif*, first devised by the unfortunate American. The principal title of his play is "A White Devil" (very similar to that of John Webster's tragedy on the theme of Vittoria Accoramboni), and the villain of the piece is a Dr. Leyton, a so-called morphomaniac.

This unscrupulous person, not content with giving the heroine a hypodermic injection of morphia and placing her body on the demonstration table of a hospital mortuary, contrives in the last act a plan which he thinks will rid him for good of a woman once too dear. So he inveigles this unhappy lady into his laboratory, which is situated in a cellar, and binds her on the floor immediately beneath a diabolical instrument of destruction. He has suspended from the ceiling a pendulum weighted with a huge semicircular knife, with machinery so arranged that the blade of the knife approaches nearer to the prostrate woman with each sweep of the pendulum. Of course, just as the last fell sweep is commencing timely help arrives, the morphomaniac doctor becoming then a gibbering idiot.

Poe, no doubt, could have given Mr. Freeman points in his setting forth of all the horror of the scene; but, still, the melodramatist deserves due credit for seizing hold of the notion. In other pieces of this class a similar part has been played by a gigantic steam-hammer and a circular saw. With popular audiences, at any rate, such sensational situations always prove immensely attractive.

The numerous friends of the late Mr. F. Lehmann, of Berkeley Square, will learn with regret of the sudden death of Martin Thompson, who for many years was that gentleman's "faithful and well-loved servant." Everyone liked cheery little Martin Thompson, who was the most kindly and obliging of confidential retainers. He was amusing, too, and could say much on the manners and customs of the great poets, novelists, painters, and composers who, during a long series of years, had stretched their legs beneath Mr. Lehmann's hospitable mahogany. Browning, Millais, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many another English worthy he knew well, and must have seen often in their hours of relaxation. Martin Thompson was by no means an ordinary servant, and he had a special knowledge of the second-hand book trade, having been in that particular line, I think, on both sides of the Atlantic before he entered Mr. Lehmann's service.

À propos of mothers-in-law, I am led to notice the woes of a whilom cigarette-maker, who from twisting "Little Beauties" at a guinea weekly has risen to the proud position of travelling silversmith at twelve times that amount. His matrimonial mishaps have been occupying the sated pages of Divorce Court annals this week, and an incident savouring less of pathos than bathos came to light, which led the Judge to remark that if in the amorous frenzy of proposing a young man promised, as a pendant to acceptance, that his future mother-in-law should abide with them after marriage, "there might, possibly, occur reasons for regretting such fervent generosity." The fellow-feeling which this sage reflection caused was curiously apparent in the lively cachinnations which it produced in court. Mothers-in-law seem, indeed, more than ever at a discount. Argentine securities are not in it with their present quotations. Now, if I start a training college for wives' mammas, heading the list with my own, who will become governors (at a consideration) of this public charity? Here is a notion for the unemployed possessing a stout facial cuticle, anyhow.

There are tricks in every trade, more or less, and the "Fourth Estate" has its make-up box as well as any other who has to face the footlights of public opinion. Not often is the scribbling muse caught tripping nowadays, however, considering the nimble race she has to run with the times. And, indeed, is it not a virtue of journalism to be "previous," if accurate? One has heard of first-night criticisms which had been put into form before dinner, for instance, but overlooked after curtain-fall, let us hope. To describe what has not actually happened verges too closely on the comic, and when, being in Paris the other day, I took up my *Lanterne* and read an eloquent account of an official ball which did not take place the night before, I confess to some mixed emotions and several unmixed smiles. To upbraid the Minister of Marine in such passionate ecstasies of anger for giving a ball while France was mourning her murdered soldiers, and describe the music, lights, and dresses, was rather hard on that eminent official, who had countermanded the festivities on receiving the sad news from Africa. I wonder how that zealous but too imaginative correspondent felt when hearing of his egregious blunder next morning. "Real bad," I take it.

It is very seldom that a good athlete confines himself to one branch of sport. At Oxford Mr. C. B. Fry has a hand (or a foot) in almost everything, and at Cambridge Mr. Perkins, the captain of the "Socker" team, exhibits his prowess with the bat as well as with the football. Perkins is a very dashing player. He went to school at St. John's, Leatherhead, the well-known seminary for clergymen's sons. As an example of his hitting powers, I may mention that on one afternoon, when Leatherhead was playing another school, he put together no less than 258 runs before he was got rid of, and this, too, in a half-day match. Before he went to Jesus he was an assistant-master at Great Yarmouth Grammar School, his chief being Rev. W. H. M. Ragg, M.A., an old Leatherhead master and boy. Mrs. "Herbert Waring," by-the-way, is a brother of Mr. Ratty, head-master of Leatherhead School.

One among many cases of men having stepped down from the Reporters' Gallery to the floor of the House of Commons is that of



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., in whom journalists have always had a friend devoted to their interests. The career of the ex-Solicitor-General is full of variety; his middle-class origin is a theme of legitimate pride to himself as well as encouragement to others, proving, as Sir Edward himself once remarked in a speech at Plymouth, that "The avenues of fame and fortune are still open to the humblest aspirant." He was educated at the City Commercial School, Lombard Street, and at Crosby Hall. In the well-known open competition for writerships in the India Office

which took place in 1859, and which was, if I remember aright, nicknamed "The Fight of the Three Hundred," young Edward Clarke was successful at the age of eighteen. He had not held the position for a year before a change was made in the office, and, instead of continuing there, he applied himself to the law, and was Tancred Law Student the next year.

It proved the best step he could have taken, for twelve years after he had been called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn he was appointed to the proud position of Solicitor-General in the first Government of the Marquis of Salisbury. He took silk in 1880, the same year in which he won Southwark for the Conservative party, a victory which astonished Lord Beaconsfield so much that he took it as a happy augury for the return to power of his party, and promptly dissolved Parliament. The country, however, did not reflect the views of Southwark. Sir Edward Clarke's next constituency was Plymouth, which has been faithful to him ever since, and which, until the last election, had the coincidence of being represented by two Sir Edwards. Of his Press career, journalists hardly need to be told that he was formerly on the literary staff of the *Standard* and the *Morning Herald*; while lawyers do not need to be reminded of his handbook on the Law of Extradition, which has on more than one occasion been quoted in court with telling, if uncomfortable, effect against its author.

Like Sir Richard Webster, he is a songster and an athlete, being familiar to frequenters of the Thames as an excellent sculler. Sir Edward is ready to take the greatest trouble in working up minute details, and in "poison cases" he is unrivalled for expert knowledge in chemistry. The Penge case and the defence of Mrs. Bartlett, and, later, the Baccarat case, have been some of his forensic triumphs. He is more successful legally and politically than in society, does not make him beloved by dukes "and sichlike." On the platform he is a rattling speaker, not averse to prophecy, and his rare visits to his distant constituency are marked by such cordial enthusiasm that they atone in this for their infrequency. Finally, he resides in Russell Square, and affects grey as his favourite garb. Anent this latter characteristic, I recollect pointing him out to a foreigner in the House of Commons, remarking, "That gentleman in grey is the Solicitor-General; he always wears grey." Later in the evening my friend said to me, "I suppose your Solicitors-General have to wear grey!"

The action against the Empire directors promises to bring glorious advertisement to all concerned. Eight of the twelve "living pictures" of the Empire are claimed by Franz Hanfstängl, of Munich, as infringements of his copyrights. When the action came on in Mr. Justice Stirling's Court there was a very small attendance of the public. Yet there were some very remarkable incidents. In the first place, *mirabile dictu*, the learned Judge did not ask where or what the Empire Theatre is. Secondly, some members of the Chancery Bar were humorous within the meaning of the Act. Now, Chancery humour is usually a very depressing production, absolutely free from all suspicion of wit. It raises a wan smile on the law-worn countenances of the leaders and a colourable imitation of laughter on the faces of some of the Junior Bar—giddy young men of fifty, or thereabouts.

The application for an injunction was refused, to the surprise of most of us. The learned Judge simply asked that an account should be kept of the number of times the backgrounds of the pictures were used, and also of the receipts. He did not appear to think the living people were an infringement of the copyright. I have a great opinion of all our Judges; but seeing that, if his judgment is upheld, I stand to lose a bet of five shillings, I can't believe that the ruling of Justice Stirling is the correct one. No sooner was the application over than Mr. Herbert Bentwitch, who acts for the Hanfstängl Art Company in London, and is one of our greatest authorities on copyright law, gave notice of appeal, while the Empire directors leisurely prepared another series in case of injunctions; and pondering over these things I committed the following offence—

The burden of a lawsuit: letters first,
Carefully worded, full of froth and threat,
Till seeds of litigation swell and burst,
Bringing forth writ on which huge claims are set;
Long affidavits, filed no man knows why,
Unless to swell the costs the lawyers get,
A maze of Bar-men, looking monstrous wise,
And lengthy judgment, couched in words of wondrous size.

Last Wednesday the appeal came on, the plaintiffs being reinforced by Sir Richard Webster and a junior who has written a book on copyright. Unfortunately for the appellants, the ex-Attorney-General was detained at the Privy Council, and arrived in court too late to be heard. The question turns entirely upon the Art Copyright Act of 1862, and the Judges, confining themselves strictly to the point at issue, were unanimous in dismissing the appeal. At the last moment I hear that in all probability the case will be taken to the House of Lords. However it may end, the *Daily Graphic* and *Westminster Budget* will not benefit much. They have reproduced the "living pictures," and the case of *Turner v. Robinson* is calculated to make them feel uneasy. Still, their case is *sub judice*, and comment would be injudicious. Let me rather relieve myself of—

A burden of Appeal Courts: judges three,
With legal minds, and legal manners too,
And special counsel, briefed with special fee,
To see the case from clients' point of view;
A crowd that's bent on spoiling your new hat
(With which you really don't know what to do),
Brave juniors, who on fighting will insist,
And judgments, short and clear, by which the appeal's dismissed.

Only a few days ago, the Autonomie Club, in Great Windmill Street, was raided, and a little time after I went to look at those dingy headquarters of rabid Anarchy. How dull and depressing that district is! Around the Tottenham Court Road are dreary streets, in which the disappointed of all professions hide their diminished heads. We want a novelist, a Zangwill for preference, to lift the veil that hides *la lutte pour la vie* of professional existence in the West-Central District. Those who have struggled, are struggling, and must always struggle for the right to live seem to crowd the dingy streets round the faded squares. Of course, poverty always is and ever will be with us; but this is the poverty of the cruellest sort, the poverty of the drink-stricken University man or the erstwhile favourite public performer. They hide, shabby and seedy, in dark corners of dismal streets, in tumble-down houses kept by withered landlords or landladies, who "were gentle-folks once," and who tell you, in bursts of confidence, how fashionable their old street was many years ago. In three minutes you can be in the light and wealth of Oxford Street, but there you are in the realm of shabby gentility.

Nevertheless, those of us who have passed some time in the district carry away very many pleasant recollections. There are kind actions which can never hope to see the light of day, and many of those who have succeeded in making their way in the world took their first lessons in courage and work in some dingy little two-pair back which only gave a view of chimney-pots and held a numerous supply of the *fauna* of the model lodging-house. There are far fewer societies and associations than there might be in the numerous streets round Tottenham Court Road; but men seem to fear the charge of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves, and social intimacy is of rare occurrence. I recollect a case where two men had two adjacent rooms on a third floor in — Street, — Square, W.C., for over a year. One was a journalist, the other an artist; each capable, both impecunious. They never spoke beyond exchanging a casual "Good morning," until at last they met on the staff of a well-known paper, for which they had both been working for some months in complete ignorance of each other's identity. In fact, the artist had illustrated several stories written by the journalist.

MID-LENT IN PARIS.



ON THE BALCONY OF THE CLUB.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: A PROUD LITTLE WARRIOR.



FOR THE POOR: "DROP A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND YOU WILL GET A SMILE."

Everybody who knows anything about the progress of the higher education of women is familiar with the active part played in the forward movement by the founders and subsequent conductors of Bedford College. Started five-and-forty years ago, the institution has earned for itself an honoured name, and now it is proposed to form a supplementary bond of union between those who have been instructed at Bedford College by establishing an association of past and present students. A circular broaching the scheme has been drawn up and issued, and bears the signatures of Miss Henrietta Busk, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., Alice E. Lee, B.Sc., B.A., and Cicely D. Fawcett. Miss Busk, it might be observed, comes on the father's side of Scandinavian stock, while her mother was Miss Le Breton, of the family to which Mrs. Langtry belongs. It is hoped to provide for the several generations of students a "common meeting-ground to carry on and strengthen the mutual interests aroused during the years of college life and intercourse."

A *jeu d'esprit* of the late Maxime du Camp is worth noting in connection with the present vaccination controversy. One fine day, egged on by Gustave Flaubert and a kindred spirit, he set to work writing a serio-comic tragedy of the French classical sort, of course religiously adhering to the "Three Unities," and never by any chance calling a spade a spade. "Jenner; or, The Discovery of Vaccine" was the title of this curious tragedy, which, unfortunately for the lovers of oddities, never got beyond its first act.

Plain looks are not commonly considered a portion to which either men or women would put forth an eager claim, and yet here are a number of enthusiasts actually clubbing together for the purpose of starting an Ugly Man Competition in Brussels, which is shortly to be held at the resort known as the North Pole in that gay little capital. The first prize is to be of valuable pecuniary proportions, and already applications for enrolment from ugly men in all parts keep pouring in. I hear that a young Englishman well endowed with this unornamental quality has offered a separate prize to the hapless prize-winner, and there is a good deal of expectation among local Calibans as to the chosen vessel who ranks first in ugliness. After this the Beauty Competitions are clearly quite out of it for originality and boldness.

M. Pasteur, the scientific, the indefatigable, opens up a fresh subject for reflection by the happy possessors of herds and flocks in a recent strong article on anthrax and its wicked ways, which should engage the serious attention of all the bucolic and pastoral, from the owner of three acres and one cow upwards. The prodigious devastation of this disease of late, the scientist affirms, has resulted from anthrax germs, which, buried with the bodies of their victims, live comfortably below as spores until "worked up" by the industrious earthworm, who turns them loose on fields where cattle are grazing. M. Pasteur insists that victims to this disease should have an isolated burial-ground, which should also be dry enough to make it uncomfortable for those wriggling, roving blades of worms, who are, in reality, the frequent cause of anthrax outbreaks, from their burrowing, meddlesome way of getting about.

Those who hold dear the memory of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood should, if possible, obtain the short sketch of his life and work, privately issued for "Post Office people at home and abroad," from the pen of Mr. Buxton Forman, one of the assistant-secretaries of the great institution of which Sir Arthur was the active chief. This appreciative notice reveals a noble character, a true follower of the faith of which he was an eloquent exponent, a conscientious and zealous worker, one who not only "reasoned of temperance," but practised what he preached, depriving himself of many luxuries and enjoyments, from no physical disability to enjoy, but from a firm conviction that the lack of such abstinence might make some "weaker brother offend." Of Sir Arthur Blackwood, after reading these pages, one feels disposed to say with Antony, "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

The numerous admirers of that talented song-writer, Miss Maud Valérie White, will hear with regret that this popular lady, who, as I informed my readers some months since, went for a trip to South America, has been seriously ill in that disturbed country with an attack of fever. I am glad to say that Miss White has recovered from her illness, and will shortly return to England, when it may be hoped that we shall have more of her excellent and appreciative work.

I was recently discussing night clubs with a man who has known them all for the last thirty years. "They are bad for your body and soul," he said. "I know of nearly two dozen within a quarter-mile radius of Leicester Square. You are poisoned with horrible gooseberry champagne, which would intoxicate the hardest drinker in London. If it can be managed, you are induced to gamble until you have not even your honour left. In my younger days the night clubs were infinitely better. They were kept by hawks, it is true, but the hawks were gentlemen in their way. There were Jessop's in Catherine Street, Charlie Lisle's, the Finish, the Coal Hole, and Baron Nicholson's. You never see now such attendance, such suppers, and such wine. Then there was Kate Hamilton's, at the top of Drury Lane, and there were houses innumerable in the Haymarket." In the course of further conversation, he mentioned that the staircase at Evans's was built of the wood of ships captured in sea-fights by Lord Howe. Apparently, the *laudatores temporis acti* are within their rights on the subject of supper clubs.

The clubs are having a remarkably bad time, owing to the widely extended commercial depression. To knock off one's superfluous club expenses and one's subscriptions to charitable institutions seems to be one of the first moves in the way of retrenchment, and West-End bankers could tell a long and moving tale of the cancelling of those subscriptions which are usually paid in the first month of the new year. The West End is loud in complaints of bad trade, and the authorities at Somerset House have, I understand, been interviewing many leading West-End tradesmen on the terrible falling-off of their returns. The knowing ones look sadly forward to something more on the Income Tax in the next Budget.

I hear that there is a scheme on foot for some tribute to the memory of the late R. M. Ballantyne, to which old boys and young will be asked to contribute. There can be but few among us under fifty who have not thoroughly enjoyed those books of wholesome and stirring adventure of which the late Mr. Ballantyne was so prolific a producer. I hope the scheme will "do well and prosper," for my own recollections of R. M. Ballantyne are very pleasant ones; indeed, my first school prize, presented to me, I see, nearly thirty years ago, for proficiency in the works of Mr. Euclid, which I am sure I no longer possess, was that author's capital story of American adventure, "The Wild Man of the West."

A somewhat new departure in musical publications is about to be made by Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., who have engaged the services of that clever artist in black-and-white, Miss C. Demain Hammond, to illustrate "A Posy of Proverbs," the music for which has been composed by Beatrice Parkyns. Six familiar proverbs, in the dainty verse of Mrs. G. F. Byron, with clever illustrations and charming music, make up an attractive volume, which will be issued at a price which is by no means prohibitive.

While the Navy is occupying so much of the public's attention, I am astonished to hear that there is only one lecturer who devotes himself almost entirely to naval matters: this is Captain Charles Reade, R.N., nephew of the famous author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend." Captain Reade took up lecturing more as a recreation than anything else. When he retired from the Navy, some four or five years ago, he did not relish the idea of spending the remainder of his life loafing about clubs and grumbling at the "powers that be," after the manner of the average retired officer, so, as he had lectured with some success while still on active service, he determined to go in for platform work "tooth and nail." Hitherto his efforts have met with unqualified success. He often forms one of the Crystal Palace attractions, and spends his time between London and the provinces during the summer and autumn. He lives on Richmond Hill, not far from Miss Rhoda Broughton, and close by that famous hostelry, the Star and Garter.

The gallant Captain, by-the-way, does not confine himself entirely to matters marine. As he has travelled over the greater part of the world, he has witnessed many strange sights, and talks to his audiences about volcanoes, earthquakes, cannibals, mutinies, and other topics of absorbing interest. He illustrates his lectures with a first-rate magic-lantern—in fact, he has spent quite a little fortune on his outfit—and invariably puts the company into a good temper with his humorous "asides" and amusing anecdotes. During his career afloat he had some adventurous times, having narrowly escaped with his life on several occasions, and, needless to say, his youthful escapades make excellent lecturing material. He was serving under Commodore Goodenough, away back in the seventies, when that officer received his death-wound from the poisoned arrow of a Santa Cruz cannibal. This treacherous act, it will be remembered, caused a great stir in England at the time.

It seems as if the mediæval spirit was destined to break out occasionally even in these practical and unromantic days, when one hears of such an old-world method of procedure as locking up a wife in a convent for safe keeping. What do the advanced sisterhood think of that obsolete impossibility? And yet only lately a well-known public official of that eminently *fin-de-siècle* abode of fashion, Trouville, has been up for the summary incarceration of his wayward wife in a convent. The poor Lady Superior must have had a nice time between them both, for, willy-nilly, she had to receive her indignant guest. Monsieur, in his official capacity, insisted on it. Madame, however, so worked on the good nun's feelings by pretending to have been the victim of a cruel plot that she was soon allowed to go free. Once out, the emancipated one promptly set about getting a divorce, which has been granted, while her liberty is at the same time undergoing a temporary eclipse of one year's imprisonment for peccadilloes the reverse of savoury which her ex-husband has proved against her. Really, putting this domestic episode with that nowadays, I have come to the conclusion that Alexander Selkirk must have been a bachelor, or he would never have voted for dwelling in the midst of alarms to the peace-pipe and sweet solitude of the unattached.

They have had awful weather in the Orkneys, snowstorms raging, coaches stopped, and all communication from one house to another, even those close at hand, made impossible. Some friends, who went there a short time ago to shoot water-fowl, have returned to town very much in the same attitude, mentally, as Bo-Peep's refractory followers, deeply disgusted with northern climatic effects, and equally thankful to put the island's length between themselves and it.



THE SEAMSTRESS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

WILLIAM ARCHER.*

"The soul of my life for the past year, and for many years, has been given up to the service—if that begs a question, let us say to the consideration—of an art to which many people deny the name of art, and of which we are all apt to speak with an apologetic accent as of something frivolous and childish. I myself, in moments of intellectual snobbishness, have talked of 'this poor, tawdry, claptrap art of the theatre,' and affected a sublime superiority to the passion of my life. It is precisely this snobbery that I here abjure and protest against. The theatre is the meeting-place of all the arts and all the philosophies. It has a glorious past, a fascinating present, a future rich in possibilities. If this book is slight and trivial, 'tis because of its inadequacy to its



MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

Photo by E. Walker.

great argument. If I have buried my soul in the theatre, I can only hope that it may not seem too unworthy of so august a tomb."

To some readers, I imagine, this eloquent profession of Mr. Archer's devotion to the dramatic art will cause no small surprise. They have not hitherto ranked him among enthusiastic optimists, though they may have a confused recollection that this unexpected Romeo of criticism, who is willing to breathe his last ecstasy beside the beloved Juliet of the drama, has some time or other preached the doctrine of suicide. But it is impossible to look through the articles which Mr. Archer has reprinted chiefly from the *World* without perceiving what a really extraordinary service it is that he has rendered to the stage. In the "Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. R. W. Lowe," from which I have quoted a striking passage, and which I have read with much enjoyment, Mr. Archer is careful to insist that it is our modern drama which keeps alive the furnace of his zeal. The past is glorious, but the present is fascinating. None of your stale rhapsodies about bygone "palmy days" and jeremiads over the fallen state of the British theatre for "W. A." The "august tomb" in which he will bury his soul, if need be, is by no means tomblike in this volume. As I turn the pages, play after play reminds me of evenings of gloom and moments of execration and despair; but I read a few lines, and lo! the whole picture is changed. Pieces which I had supposed to be destitute of merit show traces of precious ore amid a mass of rubbish. Now and then something like a small nugget is discovered, and with what scrupulous care it is assayed and the alloy reduced to its strictest proportion! With what candour and patience

a judgment is subsequently amplified or revised! Here is a destructive criticism of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Tempter." That endeavour to distil a devil out of a mixture of pseudo-mediaevalism and nineteenth century rationalism is slaughtered without mercy; but presently Mr. Archer returns to the subject, and with a fine discrimination shows how excellent a theme Mr. Jones really had if he could have resisted the temptation to ruin it by creating a *diabolus ex machina*. This may not have been any comfort to Mr. Jones, but it was manifestly a deep satisfaction to Mr. Archer to discern even in an artistic failure the materials of a conceivable triumph. "The theatre is the meeting-place of all the arts and all the philosophies." Well, it ought certainly to rejoice in the philosophy which finds even in its most discouraging experiments such a stimulus to unquenchable ardour.

The tenderness with which Mr. Archer nurses our modern English drama is all the more impressive because his literary tastes and varied equipment might have made him disdainful of so much which passes for popular entertainment. He, the translator of Ibsen, has had to suffer the pertinacious dotage of theatrical conventions, silly enough in themselves, but infinitely sillier when hotly defended as safeguards of public morality. He has had to do battle with an irrational censorship, which prohibits a foreign play of tragic import, while it licenses the most skittish farce that ever tickled an unblushing society into approving laughter. He has pleaded consistently for greater freedom in the dramatic treatment of contemporary life and manners, and yet he has not found it a mere vexation of spirit to chronicle the multitude of plays which fitfully amuse the public without "reason or coherence." In some writers such an experience might beget nervous irritation or unrelieved apathy; others might seek diversion in their own resources, and use the routine of the theatre simply as a pretext for discursive fancy; but for Mr. Archer the playhouse is always a "memorable scene," on which nothing is "common or mean." He applies himself to the consideration of even the most trivial performance with invincible zest. His invariable method is to discuss the piece, and not to write agreeably round it. To him "even a bad play has its interest," and he bids the man of "fastidious taste," who "does well to hold aloof, in the main, from the theatre," not "to plume himself upon what is at best a mere idiosyncrasy, if not a positive limitation." "Let him not conclude that there are no high, and intense, and exquisite artistic pleasures to be found in the theatre, simply because he cannot be at the trouble of going to seek for them." To some of us, who consider ourselves reasonably attached to the play, these are rather hard sayings. We have our moments of infidelity, when the drama seems an insufferably stupid and tiresome jade. We are sick to death of her airs and graces and catchwords, and resentful against the old, old fables which reappear in transparent disguises to impose upon our credulity. But Mr. Archer has no sympathy with such perverse distemper. To him it is a joy merely to sit in his stall. When the curtain is down the theatre is a kind of enlarged fireside, where he feels "the exhilaration of light and colour and human companionship." When the curtain is up the puppet-show absorbs his affections, though his judgment may be all the while preparing a little wholesome discipline for play and players.

The value of a critic with this temperament and such attainments to a drama which is beginning to be vertebrate and to a public not habitually open to new ideas cannot be lightly estimated. Mr. Archer has that combination of qualities which makes him a vigilant and judicious counsellor to a stage that is always liable to suffer from the hysterical advice so happily burlesqued in the imaginary notice of Dr. Todhunter's "Black Cat" (p. 282). It is a great thing to have an established authority who can withstand the blasts of unreasoning prejudice which whirl periodically in certain picturesque columns, and who, by his manifest sympathy with all forms of dramatic art, has proved the disinterestedness of his propaganda in favour of a more robust conception of the contemporary theatre. The year 1893 witnessed the successful rise of modern English tragedy. It has been shown beyond dispute that there is a host of playgoers for a work of true art dealing in a serious spirit with a serious problem. Mr. Archer speculates on the effect which such a revolution would have had on a critic like Hazlitt, writing in 1815, when there was no contemporary drama worthy of the name. "If talent and opportunity were always commensurate in this excellent world, there is no doubt that I should have lived in Hazlitt's time and Hazlitt now. The loss to the beginning of the century would have been more than compensated by the gain to the end." As I am by no means confident that Hazlitt would have approved "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," I think the end of the century may be congratulated on the stimulating companionship of William Archer.

L. F. A.

THE REVIEWED.

In vain your loudest slanders;
Abuse will not avail;
No blasts upon your ink-horn
Can ever make us quail.

But when you wish to pierce us,
To have your darts strike home,
Just say we're "conscientious,"
Or "have a moral tone."—*Critic* (New York).

* "The Theatrical 'World' for 1893." By William Archer. London: Walter Scott.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



"Do you mean to say you never did it?"

"No, never."

Her friend laughed, a pretty, naïve laugh, with whole volumes of confession in it.

"Oh, yes, I know," the other answered the laugh; "why not, if you felt the inclination? There is no particular harm in it. Some girls do and some girls don't, and the girls who do are probably just as good as the girls who don't. It isn't a question of morals, merely of manner. I once knew a man in Cumberland who was so slow of speech that when he was required to entertain a girl he used to put his arm round her waist. He meant nothing by it, only that was his natural way of expressing himself. It doesn't happen to be my way of expressing myself, that is all."

There was a long pause. The girl who had spoken last slipped her punt pole into the water, and they dropped gently down stream under the willows, watching the lights in the windows of the little cottage where they lodged. Presently the naïve girl put the companion question—

"Did you never even want to? Not even when the man was very nice?"

"No. Now I think of it, yes; but not because the man was nice."

"If you are going to tell me," the naïve girl said, laughing again, "that you wanted to kiss a man just because he was not nice I shall believe you, for that would be so very characteristic."

"It was something like that each time," the serious girl said, with a certain curiosity in her tone, as if she had found an old emotion and was analysing it. "I have wanted to kiss men—twice; but I have never done it. When one feels deeply, you see, it is always difficult to express one's self, and now I remember I wanted very much to kiss them. I was in a little German town. There was a man staying there whose face was frightfully disfigured: one side of it had been shot away. I won't describe it. The other side was quite beautiful. He was a tall, well-made man, with very delicate hands and a big diamond ring. He used always to go about holding a white handkerchief to the disfigured side.

We often met him. If he was playing with his big dog, or putting on a coat, or doing anything that required two hands, and someone passed, the white handkerchief and the white hand and the diamond ring would go up to his face in a flash. He was not staying at our hotel, he had been, but there was a lady—very rich, and with a large family—who complained to the landlord about him. She said that she was very sensitive indeed, and that she could not run the risk of meeting him on the stairs. She threatened to leave, with all her family, so the disfigured man had to go. They didn't like to have him in other hotels. He was lodging at the lower end of the town when we were there. People said he was a man of bad character—went about with bad women. I didn't wonder; bad people are rarely so cold-hearted as good people—sensitive, I should say. Of course, we didn't know him; but sometimes I would have liked to tell him how I despised that sensitive woman.

"One day he came to our hotel to pay a farewell visit to some men he knew, students who were leaving the University. They had the sort of banquet of sweet wine and sticky cakes that Germans love. I suppose he had been long enough abroad to tolerate it. They sang songs, students' choruses, and were exceedingly happy. I heard him singing as I came upstairs. Such a voice! He was enjoying himself, and had quite forgotten there were such things as sensitive women in the world. He came out of the room as I passed; he had a big bundle of papers and books in one hand and a basket of fruit in the other. He saw a woman—a sensitive creature, you know—and he stopped dead short. He had no hand free to cover his face. He shrank back against the wall, staring at me; his eyes begged me, for God's sake, not to scream or faint. I wanted very much to kiss him then."

"And you did not?"

"No; I was under the impression then that I was quite a plain, unattractive girl. I thought he might not care about it."

"I think he would have hated it, but not for that reason. And the next time?"

She slipped the pole into the water, and they crept along under the willows, out of sight of the lights in the window, out of the starlight even.

The punt stopped of itself under a great black chestnut-tree. There was no hurry; no one was sitting up; they had all the night before them. But presently she answered the question.

"I had a friend once—two years before I met you. I was very fond of him; we used to talk together about everything in the world. Remember,

he took her on upstairs. Some man took me down to supper. I tried to enjoy myself and could not, I had been so hurt. Later my friend came and joined me. He said I looked tired, and asked if I would like to go home, and I said yes, and he took me. I was so glad to get away alone with him: I wanted to tell him how I loved that woman, how much she had done for me, and how nothing on earth could have made me act as she supposed I had done. He kept changing the subject—I think he was afraid that I should cry—but he was very kind and good, very sympathetic. He spoke about my stories and the folly of trying to do three days' work in one, and told me of new friends of his whom he wanted me to know. I was very pleased with him for leaving the pleasant party so soon to take a dull girl home. We got to my door and began to say good-night. We were generally a long time saying good-night—that night he was just a little quicker than usual. It was very dark, but I could see his face and the outline of his shoulders. He held my hand loosely, saying something pleasant, and suddenly I seemed to know that if ever a strain came he would fail me. All the while he was holding my hand and saying pleasant things I knew that, and knew I had known it all the while; and then I longed to take him round the neck and draw his face to mine and kiss him once, and then say, 'Go. Go now, while I love you and regret you. Go before the time comes when I shall despise you. Let this be for good-bye.' I shall always grudge that lost kiss. Did you speak? Yes; the time came—I told you it was two years ago."

"And now?"—the naïve girl had grown quite serious.

"Now?"—the serious girl laughed lightly, a laugh with humour in it, not bitterness. "Now, as you see, I have found him interesting as a reminiscence."

She dropped her pole silently into the water, and the punt glided out into the starlight and the lamplight.

AN ALPINE RAILWAY.

The old mule path, well known and used by visitors to Monte Carlo, which led to that romantic Alpine picnic centre, La Turbie, has at last been superseded by the more practical, if less picturesque, railway. To that shrewd personage, the "observant stranger," it might possibly occur that this new line adapts itself admirably to strategic purposes, being a connecting link, as a matter of fact, between ships in the bay and the fortifications of lovely Tête du Chien. Ostensibly, however, the new railway has been erected by philanthropic authorities for the sole purpose of increased facilities for enjoyment to the gay crowds who visit Monaco and its whereabouts, and as such the crowd will, no doubt, unthinkingly accept it.

"He shrank back against the wall."

I said friend—not lover—but we did love each other in the way of friendship. We were both new to London, and had not many other friends.

His brilliancy, his gentleness, his fits of depression, even his weaknesses, were pleasant to me. I used to say I would do anything in the world for him but marry him, and he was not going to ask me that. It did not seem possible that I should ever stop loving him, but I think now that there was an under-current of distrust in my love all the time. I have sometimes wondered if that was the cause of what followed; perhaps he might have been true if I had trusted him. I was very fond of him. One night we were at a party together. A certain great lady was present. She had been more kind to me than I can say, and I loved her. It was a different sort of love—hero-worship would be a better word. That very day some silly mischief-maker had made her believe that I had acted most rudely and ungratefully towards her. The thing was absurd. My feelings towards that woman were so strong that it would not have been possible for me to have had any motive for rudeness towards her; but, of course, she did not know this, and I could not tell her—I was too bewildered. She denounced me before people very emphatically—you must remember she was as impulsive as she was generous, and she thought I had behaved very badly. The man was present—they had come up from the supper-room—and her hand was on his arm. He took my part quite nicely. 'Well, as she doesn't seem to know what it is all about, we will spare her life this time,' he said, and



"She denounced me before people."

TWO GAIETY GLEE-MEN.

To that wide public that has laughed with him and chaffed with him the fact that "Adrian Ross"—the lyrist of "In 'Town," "Don Juan," "Morocco Bound," and the new burlesque to be produced at the Trafalgar Theatre—is known in private life as Mr. Arthur Reed Ropes has not come as a surprise. To all those who have been long familiar



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. A. R. ROPES ("ADRIAN ROSS").

with his early career and its conditions the secret of the *nom de plume* has been a genuine discovery. In nine out of ten such cases it is the very reverse that is true, and that is to be expected; but, then, Mr. Ropes is the very embodiment of the unexpected. Do not the facts of his career testify to this?

As Mr. Ropes was first known to the world as a historian, it is fit and proper to put down his pedigree. He comes of an American stock, which traces its descent from an early settler in the colonies, the name being originally Roper. His father, a merchant, returned to the land of his fathers, and his youngest son, the future "Adrian Ross," was born on Dec. 23, 1859. Having received his first lessons at home, he passed through Priory School, Clapton, Mill Hill School, and the City of London School. His scholar-days were one long series of successes. In 1876 he was first in the London University matriculation examination, and two years later he went up to King's College, Cambridge. Here his career was altogether remarkable. He took the Chancellor's medal for English verse with a poem on Temple Bar, and—a strange beginning for a burlesque lyrist—the Members' Prize for an English essay (1881). He was bracketed eleventh Wrangler in 1882; he headed the History Tripos in the following year, became the Lightfoot and Whewell Scholar (History and International Law), and in 1884 he was made a Fellow of his college. And he has put his scholarship to good use, for he has published a small history of Europe; he has edited several French books for the Cambridge University Press and a selection of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and ten years ago he issued a volume of poems, now out of print, though the curious will find an example of his work in Mr. Gleeson White's charming anthology of Ballades and Rondeaux in the "Canterbury Poets." As an examiner, he is familiar to the Cambridge undergraduate and those picked youths who aspire to serve in the Indian Civil Service.

The academic don, more often than not, lives and breathes in the atmosphere of his undergraduate achievements, or he pursues his after way in a region of ponderous erudition which the less-lettered public either ignore or admire on principle. Having recorded so much of him as has had to be told of Mr. Ropes, one leaves him sorrowfully, if respectfully, with a *requiescat in pace*. Not so with "Adrian Ross"; he has struck out a line that is rarely followed by a man of such academic distinction. If his University did not teach him to become "Adrian Ross"—it is not likely to claim the honour—it was while at Cambridge that he began his work as a librettist. And here let it be said that Mr. Ropes adopted the pseudonym "Adrian Ross," not from any shamefacedness to avow himself, but simply to have different names for different kinds of work. Cambridge did at least one service towards Mr. Ropes' taking up this burlesque line of work: it brought him and Mr.—then Dr.—Osmond Carr together. That was in 1887. The former had written an opera called "Faddimir," which was set to music by Mr. Carr, and performed at some *matinées* on trial. "Faddimir"

has since served them as a valuable quarry. It was re-written in collaboration with Mr. J. L. Shine, who helped to make "Morocco Bound" such a success, and taken for a year by Mr. George Edwardes of the Gaiety. Mr. Edwardes afterwards engaged the same trio to write a burlesque, and "Joan of Arc," produced at the Opéra Comique in 1891, was the result. It ran there for six months, spent two months at the Comedy, and a second edition came out at the Gaiety, and was transplanted to the Shaftesbury, where it was killed by frost and the death of the Duke of Clarence. Then came "In 'Town," which opened at the Prince of Wales's in October, 1892. "Don Juan" was ready for production at the Gaiety, but the death of Fred Leslie delayed it, and "In 'Town" (libretto by Mr. J. T. Tanner) was put on to fill the aching void. It proved a stop-gap of far greater merit than its authors probably ever anticipated, for Captain Coddington continued to appear nightly well into August, and since then his story has been repeated many times for behoof of country cousins. Mr. Ropes is not content to rest on his oars, nor does he like to see actors "resting"—in the theatrical sense—on theirs, so, to employ people out of engagements, he and Dr. Carr wrote "Morocco Bound," Mr. Arthur Branscombe supplying the libretto. The Morocco Bounders started on their successful journey at the Shaftesbury Theatre last April, and travelled in January to the Trafalgar Theatre, where it has been withdrawn to make room for a successor, temporarily christened "Go Bang," from the same hands.

Mr. Ropes has practically invented a new style of burlesque, which might be called music-hall comedy-drama—a very flexible sort of entertainment compared with Savoy opera, which, when once produced, is unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Nothing bears out the high position he has attained as lyrist so clearly as the fact that he has managed to make his name known to the public. This may seem a paradox, but the fact remains that the name of scarcely one librettist has been known to theatre-goers except that of Mr. Gilbert, for, so long as the score was the pretext of the words, people did not care about the quality of the latter—witness the drivel of the "poet Bunn" in the "Bohemian Girl"—or who was responsible for it. But it is no discredit to Dr. Carr—for it necessarily must be so with such work—to say that Mr. Ropes' songs, with their admirable jingle and "go," are rather the pretext for the music than *vice versa*. "Adrian Ross" is neither exhausted nor satisfied with the place he has gained. He has written a legitimate comic opera, dealing with the South American States, and it is ready for production, and, besides, he has several other pieces on the stocks.

Much of Mr. Ropes' success has depended on the music which Dr. Carr has supplied for the various pieces they have jointly produced. Dr. Carr was born near Bradford on April 23, 1858. He went up to New College, Oxford, but passed on to Trinity, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. in 1881, and his Doctorate of Music just ten years later. Besides composing "Joan of Arc" with his fellow *alumnus*, he wrote the music to "Blue-Eyed Susan" (libretto by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt), which was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. In the autumn of the same year "In 'Town," with music from the same pen, was produced, and he is



Photo by W. Hanson, Leeds.

DR. OSMOND CARR.

also responsible for the music of "Morocco Bound" and its coming successor. His music is invariably sparkling and "catchy," and he has a pretty art of parody, which stands him in good stead in his clever burlesque work. Indeed, since the Gilbert and Sullivan twainship, no combination in light opera has been so successful as that of "Adrian Ross" and Dr. Frank Osmond Carr.

A TRIO IN TALENT.

A CHAT WITH THE MISSES VANBRUGH.

It was relief inexpressible to turn from the dreariest of downpours, one dull afternoon, into the brightly lighted drawing-room of a modern residence in Earl's Court Road. The fire and the rose-shaded lamps gleamed a welcome. On a little occasional table stood a terra-cotta statuette of Mr. Toole as "The Don"; a portrait of Mr. Irving as Becket hung on the wall, together with various pictures of the talented Vanbrugh sisters. In the place of honour was the late Mr. Long's last work—a beautiful picture of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the eldest of the trio—and various other souvenirs of the happy career of the three sisters; but quite the prettiest object was dark-eyed Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who laid down her book to greet me, and then proceeded to preside gracefully over afternoon tea, during which time we chatted on topics not intended for publication in *The Sketch*, till a little later Miss Violet joined us, and, together with a pair of rampant fox-terriers, who alternately basked and romped on the hearthrug, we settled before the fire.

"Angela is away on tour with Mr. Harrison, Madame Patti's *impresario*," explained Miss Irene; "but we will tell you all about her as well as ourselves."

"I was the first to go on the stage," said Miss Violet. "Yes, it's quite true my father was a clergyman," in answer to my query, "but he did not object to my joining the profession. He knew that we girls should have to earn our own living, and he let us each select what we thought best."

"My parents always wanted one of us to take up the violin," interrupted Miss Irene; "the choice rested between Angela and me, but directly she handled the instrument her fate was decided. She was quite a little prodigy, and played at concerts in Exeter, our native town, before she was ten years old—not but what there was another career open to her," with a smile.

"What was that?"

"As a dancer; Angela was always an exquisite little dancer. Vi," with an affectionate glance towards her sister, "shines in that way too, but I do not, though, of course, I have learnt, and, on the other hand, I enjoy a ball more than she does. Well, we girls were having dancing lessons when we were quite small children, and a gentleman who saw us offered then and there to adopt Angela and train her as a *danseuse*. My father did not quite like that idea and the matter dropped, but even now Mr. D'Auban is willing to take Vi or Angela as dancers if they will go to him."

"And when did your stage career commence?" I asked Miss Violet.

"I was about sixteen at the time of my first appearance. It was a burlesque of 'Faust'—'Faust and Loose,' at Toole's Theatre. I just walked on in a crowd to see how it felt to be behind the footlights. That was Miss Ellen Terry's advice—she and Mr. Irving have always been the kindest of friends to us all. After that small experiment I spent two years with Miss Sarah Thorne, gaining experience."

"That was where I graduated a little later," chimed in Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

"Miss Thorne was another good friend to us. Even now I join her in the summer for further practice, and I read over all my new parts with her. My first good rôle, however, was with Mr. Toole in London, when I played Lady Anne Babbicombe in 'The Butler.' After appearing in 'The Don,' I joined the Kendals, and was with them for two years, in London and in America. I had a very nice time with them, but I had to break my contract and relinquish my third season in America, as I could not stand the tremendous amount of railway travelling. Fancy, after two performances, perhaps, on Saturday, starting off betimes on Sunday morning, and only reaching your destination about Monday afternoon, while if you missed a train you failed to be there in time at all!"

"Did you ever meet with such a disaster?"

"Not quite, but once very nearly. By some error, I was not called in time, and I awoke to find the train was almost due to start. I shall never forget how I flung on my clothes. 'You won't catch it,' said one of the hotel attendants, consolingly. 'I must,' I answered. And somehow—

I don't quite know how—I was pushed into the train just as it was steaming out; but the discomforts of that long journey were dreadful, for I had simply tumbled into my garments, and was not even properly dressed.

"Soon after my return from America, Mr. Irving invited me to play Anne Boleyn in 'King Henry VIII.' I don't think I ever felt so glad in my life as when I had that letter. I hugged everyone in the house. And how thoroughly I enjoyed my two years at the Lyceum! I understudied Miss Terry as Cordelia, too, and played the part several times, on those occasions wearing Miss Terry's own gowns, which she was kind enough to lend me."

"Have you acted as understudy to anyone else?"

"Oh, yes, for Mrs. Kendal, and for Miss Ada Rehan since I joined Daly's Theatre, and, somewhat curiously, Irene is now Mrs. Tree's understudy in 'The Charlatan.'"

"That's why I have only a small part in the piece," explained the younger sister. "I'm not such a nice Girton girl as I was in 'Walker, London,' and I wear spectacles; of course, I don't wish Mrs. Tree to be unwell, but if for any reason she should not appear at the theatre for a few nights I should enjoy my chance of playing her part."

"You like your rôles at Daly's Theatre?" I asked Miss Violet.

"Yes, all of them, and especially Olivia in 'Twelfth Night,' which is one of our most successful productions. Now I have told you all about myself, so we will talk about Irene, who was the sweetest of little girls when as a child she appeared as the Knave of Hearts and the White Queen in the revival of 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

"After my training with Miss Thorne," said Miss Irene, "I went on tour with Mr. Toole, who was more like a father to us than manager, and never went away without bringing back pocketsful of sweets and gifts for us. Only fancy, when he asked me to go with his company to Australia my mother objected, thinking I was too young to journey such a distance alone, and he actually engaged a lady specially to act as chaperon and companion to me."

"You liked your visit to the Antipodes?"

"Immensely! The doctor had advised it for my health, and it was the making of me—I came back quite fat! One thing is rather funny out there: they pelt you with flowers in the middle of the act, instead of waiting till the curtain falls. I have had to stop short just when I had worked myself up in a love scene and pick up three bouquets, and if they were not accepted directly the donor would certainly be offended."

"There has been no lack of good parts, so far, in your quickly successful career?"

"No; I have been very fortunate. I played juvenile lead with Mr. Toole in Australia and New Zealand; then, in London, an imitation of Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea in the skit, 'Ibsen's Ghost.' I was Belle Golightly in 'Walker, London,' for about eighteen months, till I really grew tired of it, and wore out three or four sets of frocks; after that Mr. Tree, having seen me play the part of a rough country girl in a *matinée*, engaged me as the little serving maid in 'The Tempter,' a rôle which I liked very much, though I never commenced that hysterical laughter without a nervous feeling as to whether I should get through properly. After Mabel Seabrook in 'Captain Swift' came my present part, and you know I play in Mr. Zangwill's duologue, 'Six Persons.' Look," and Miss Irene showed me "The Children of the Ghetto," in which was inscribed, "To three persons, each one more charming than the other, with New Year's wishes from I. Zangwill," in allusion to the triple personality of the young lady in the pink frock.

"Angela will be very sorry to have missed you," said Miss Violet presently; "but we will find a portrait of her. She likes being taken with her violin; indeed, her fiddle is hardly ever laid aside, and as for letting anyone else carry it, she would not dream of such a thing."

"As a great favour," remarked Miss Irene, "I am allowed to hold it occasionally, a privilege denied any porter or servant; but I dare not carry it, and Angela, who has such small, flexible fingers, hardly knew how to bear the weight of a big violin in its case till between us we invented a strap by which she slings it on her back."

"And where did your sister receive her musical training?"

"At the Paris Conservatoire, where she stayed from ten till sixteen



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."



MISS IRENE AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

years of age. For eighteen months of that time I was with her, studying French elocution"—this from Miss Irene. "Not very long ago Angela arranged a concert at Princes' Hall; there Mr. Harrison heard her, and immediately booked her for Patti's tour, which was placing her at the top of the tree all at once. Now, still under the same *impresario*, she is touring with Ella Russell."

"Angela has quite a Jewish type of face," commented Miss Violet, as we searched for portraits. "You know that, somewhere far back on our mother's side, we are descended from Jews, and she alone has the race characteristics which betray our origin. She is named Angela on account of being the godchild of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Returning to the tenderness she exhibits for her violin, one memorable day we had agreed to explore Canterbury Cathedral with friends. We met them at the station, where it was suggested Angela should deposit her beloved fiddle in the cloak-room. Nothing, however, would induce her to entertain the proposition, and, though it was desperately hot and we visited chapels and every corner of the vast cathedral, my sister stuck manfully to her instrument."

We chatted on other topics, and I was called upon to admire the little doggies, who, together with a puss, formed an interesting trio; and then I looked at my watch and saw that the time had passed only too rapidly in agreeable converse with two most charming young gentlewomen.

"I dare not detain you any longer," I said regretfully, "for I know you are both due at the theatre." And so, with a parcel of photos under my arm, I turned my back on the pleasant drawing-room, and stepped once more into the rain, with Miss Irene's last words, "Come soon and see us again," ringing cheerfully in my ears.

L. E.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Grant Allen's "Excursions Round the Base of Helicorin" were "undertaken for the most part in early manhood," so we learn from the title-page of "The Lower Slopes" (Mathews and Lane). The best of the verses are evidently a young man's outpourings. A good many people could write better verse, perhaps, but then not all of these would have the same amount of individuality to put into their verses. He burnt real fire on those "lower slopes," and fire is difficult to kindle there.

It was the troubled times of "'70" and "'71" that stirred him most deeply, for, of course, he was a Revolutionist, and loved with fervour "The fair Republic of our steadfast vows." And the fires lit then, burning with real vigour in "A Bas la Bourgeoisie!" and in "The Song of Nations" have never died out. He might have been the singer of the democracy had he not wanted to be so many other things. Perhaps, too, his democratic muse has a slightly Gallic tone that might have scared Anglo-Saxons. However, he was too much of a democratic singer to be of any other kind, for he is the sort of poet who looks lovingly at a landscape with his eye, while inwardly his soul is full of the iniquities of the land laws.

Not that other sentiments did not well up in him, too, while he trod the "lower slopes." But none of these suggested more than clever verse, like "The Ballade of Evolution," or pretty verse, like "Forget-me-not," which, by-the-by, is very pretty and uncharacteristically sad—

And bending o'er an unmarked, uncared grave,
Too late for any penance save regret,
He said, "The single sin God ne'er forgave
Is to forget."

With a rapidity born of the popularity that has overtaken the study of ethnology since folk-lore came into fashion, antiquarian volumes now pour out from the press. They have a friendlier, easier mien than such books used to have, for they seek wide audiences. There are three before me now, with local limitations in their contents, widely differing, I venture to think, in knowledge of their respective subjects, but all of a general interest. One of them is Mr. Moule's "Old Dorset" (Cassell). It was based on lectures given to popular audiences, and it bears the marks of this. It is full of broad, sweeping generalisations about Britons and Teutons that would make a strict antiquary's hair stand on end, but filled, too, with a proud love for his country, and such enthusiasm is a long way towards learning.

Another is Mr. Borlase's "Age of the Saints," an austerer search into old Cornish religious life in the first Christian centuries, and into the conditions and beliefs and civilisations on which it was engrafted. The book is only the less interesting and satisfactory to an unlearned mind because it honestly confesses the poverty of its materials.

The third is the most fascinating and generally interesting, Mr. Mackinlay's "Folk-lore of Scottish Lochs and Springs" (Hodge). I saw a book on English holy wells lately, by Mr. Hope, which was quite as full of good things, but it had a virtue, that of convenient classification of its wells under countries, that took away from its charm for the frivolous taster of books. I much prefer Mr. Mackinlay's tales of saints and heathen orgies and water-kelpies, scattered about as they are in a not very tidy but altogether delightful fashion.

The little green-covered volume, "The Spirit of the Nation," first published in 1843, has run through more than fifty editions since then. It had a fame—limited, of course—even in England, for alien political sentiments are never quite able to quench admiration for stirring, ringing verse. Apart from its political significance, the book marks one of the

strangest episodes in literary history. For the projectors of the *Nation*, recognising that poetry was the greatest stimulant to patriotism, of set purpose, began all, save Blake Dillon, to write rhymes on Irish themes. The marvel was that the rhymes turned out to be poetry—at least, it was so with Davis's, and with a considerable number of the others too.

The first collection reprinted from the *Nation* half a century ago is usually looked on as containing all that Young Ireland had to say in verse. This is not so, for after Davis's death Mangan and McGee and D. F. McCarthy and Lady Wilde were writing, and now at this late hour a second collection has been made of Young Ireland verse after '43, under the name of "The New Spirit of the Nation" (Unwin). The editor, Mr. Martin McDermott, is himself one of the poets of those days, a still vigorous survival of the earlier Nationalist movement. The book forms the third volume of the New Irish Library.

Davis is represented in it by posthumous poems, and among the best known of the poets, besides those already named, are John O'Hagan, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and Edward Walsh. English readers will find the effusions of at least one countryman in it, Mr. W. J. Linton, and those who know the history of that staunch old Republican will not be surprised to learn that they are not the least inflammatory in the collection.

There were several women poets of the *Nation* in those days, who signed themselves "Eva," and "Thomasine," and "Mary," and such like, who wrote with warm-hearted patriotism, but in gentle and sentimental strain. Their songs and lyrics are especially interesting, expressing one of the most characteristic moods of a fervent and likewise a very hopeless tune. "Speranza's" (Lady Wilde's) are, of course, apart, and with Cashel Hoey's "Sir Banneret of the Tricolor," Linton's "Revenge," McGee's "Salvation to the Kelts," and the verses of Mangan and Davis raise the collection out of the level of mere political verse into literature. There is, perhaps, nothing quite so stirring in this second volume as Ingram's "Who Dares to Speak," or John O'Hagan's "How Did They Pass the Union," or so pathetic as Davis's "Owen Roe O'Neill," but the general level is quite as high as in the earlier one.

When feelings were hotter than they are now between the rival parties and races, the old "Spirit of the Nation" won praise from men who hated its sentiments as much as did Macaulay. The new one should have a better chance of welcome in England—at least, in these quieter times. And the literary side of the Young Ireland movement is a notable fact, which cannot be gainsaid, however much Whigs or Tories may wrangle about the motives that inspired it.

In the "Tudor Translations" (Nutt), which Mr. Henley edits as a whole, and which various other scholars and lovers of good English edit volume by volume, Florio's Montaigne has been followed up by Adlington's rendering of Apuleius's "Golden Ass." The series is a notable one. In an age of finicking, meddling accuracy, it is refreshing to hear that in the editors' minds there is "no question of errors in scholarship, none of correcting readings, or of improved texts." Of course, only translations have been chosen which have become almost, sometimes altogether, English classics.

Adlington was but an indifferent Latinist, and his enterprise was very much like that of one who, on the strength of spelling out Racine and Boileau, should straightway attack the Decadents. He was aware of this, aware that he had "not so exactly passed through the author as to point every sentence as it is in Latine." Yet with a brave heart he set out and turned the eleven books of "The Golden Ass" into noble English prose.

Apuleius is, of all the prose writers of antiquity, the most, in our modern sense, interesting—that is, daring, coloured, venturesome. In his marvellous invention and his swift narrative he is of the race of Cervantes and Le Sage. But his style, his literary methods, are all quite modern. Mr. Whibley, the editor, says, "Were he alive to-day, Paris would have been his field, and he the undisputed master of Decadence and Symbolism." This manner of his Adlington half misunderstood and half disapproved, and gave his own instead, much more austere, reflecting not so much the subtlety of his author as the calm strength of his own age.

Urquhart, Skelton's "Don Quixote," and North's Plutarch are among the Tudor Translations to be issued in the series. May it prosper! You have but to hold the volumes in your hand to be filled with respect and delight.

Worcestershire possesses many curious phrases and words which give its dialect both force and distinction. The county has more than once attracted the philologist, for Mrs. Chamberlain compiled a careful glossary of the words in currency in the western portion of the county, while Mr. A. Porson did the same for the southern part of Worcestershire. Mr. Jesse Salisbury has accomplished a like glossary relating to the south-eastern division, giving many curious notes on the sayings, customs, and superstitions which are prevalent therein. Concerning the latter, the author—who is, by-the-way, his own publisher—tells us that egg-shells should not be burnt, or the hens will cease laying, and he gives a Worcestershire remedy for cramp: "Lay your stockings across each other at the foot of the bed when you retire to rest. Neglect of this precaution might result in the continuation or renewal of the malady." The book is full of information which has an interest beyond the county.



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.
MISS ANGELA VANBRUGH.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE TEMPTER."



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.



MR. TREE AS PHILIP WOODVILLE IN "THE CHARLATAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



MRS. TREE AS ISABEL ARLINGTON IN "THE CHARLATAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

HYPNOTISM IN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION.

There has been lately much talk about hypnotism as a means of discovery of crime, so I went (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) to my friend Dr. Lloyd Tuckey to ask what he made of it. Such knowledge of modern hypnotism as we have arrived at in this country—from the scientific and medical standpoints—is owing mainly to Dr. Tuckey, who was the first West-End physician of repute courageous enough to give the new treatment a fair trial, and whose treatise on the subject, "Psycho-Therapeutics," is the clearest and ablest exposition of it that may be read in English.

Dr. Tuckey, whose bachelor's house is in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, was at once willing and unwilling to discuss the matter.

"In the medical point of view, I could not say anything about it except in a medical journal. The legal aspect of it I don't mind discussing with you."

"Then your opinion on the proposal, Dr. Tuckey?"

"The proposal to hypnotise prisoners?"

"Yes."

"Well, the fact is—I hope I'm not disappointing you—there has been no such proposal at all."

"But these detailed statements in the punctilious English Press as to the De Jong case in Amsterdam?"

"I am not responsible for them, and I cannot say how they came to be printed. I have, however, sufficiently good reason to know that they were entirely incorrect. Doctors Van Renterghen and De Jong were never asked to hypnotise the accused man at all; nobody was asked, and nobody is likely to be asked. But there was nothing very incredible in the idea, for we are more or less familiar with the inquisitorial nature of French criminal procedure, and, as we know next to nothing of the Dutch procedure in these matters, we might have supposed it a trifle worse. In this case, however, we did the Dutch an injustice."

"But suppose that such an experiment were really to be made, what would be the chances of success, do you think?"

"I should say that they would be very small."

"Then you do not believe, for example, in the possibility of that famous scene in 'The Bells,' where Mathias, under the influence of the mesmerist, shows how he murdered the Polish Jew?"

"No; it is very unreal. A person who had never before been mesmerised could not suddenly be taken in hand and compelled to betray himself in that way. Even if he could be thrown into the hypnotic trance, it would be all but impossible to wring from him such a confession. Reason and volition are rarely quite dead in a person hypnotised, and in such a case as we are imagining the will of the intended victim would be so strenuously opposed to the mesmerist's that it would be very difficult, in the first place, to bring him under the influence at all, and in the second place to extract from him anything in the nature of an incriminating confession. Now apply this to the case of a prisoner. The two doctors enter his cell, and, while one of them engages him in conversation, the other attempts to hypnotise him. But the criminal could hardly fail to perceive what was being done; he would resist with the whole force of his will, and the experiment would almost certainly break down in its first stage. Where there is not only absence of sympathy, but vehement opposition between operator and patient, hypnotism can effect little."

"Then, even admitting that its use were legalised, would hypnotism never avail anything in criminal investigation?"

"I do not say that. I have very little belief in the employment of hypnotism in this way, but cases are conceivable in which it might succeed to some extent."

"For instance, Dr. Tuckey?"

"Well, in this way. A prisoner might allow himself to be hypnotised for sleeplessness, brain worry—anything you like. If he proved a good patient—that is to say, extremely susceptible—it might in the course of time be possible for the doctor to win him to a confession of his crime while in the hypnotic sleep. Dr. Nancy, of Liébeault (the founder of the modern system of hypnotic treatment), tells in his book how, by way of experiment, he hypnotised a young woman, informed her that he was her confessor, and induced her to confess to him as to a priest—a quite unjustifiable experiment, to be sure. But it is to be remembered that, except with very weak-minded persons, a hypnotised patient, even when in the deepest sleep, will usually refuse to do a thing that he dislikes, or to say a thing that he wishes to keep to himself."

"That suggests that if hypnotism could never be largely employed in the detection of crime, it could, on the other hand, never do much harm as an *agent provocateur*, or provoker of crime?"

"I certainly do not think there is much cause for alarm in that direction. The number of criminals likely to be manufactured by hypnotism is small. You must presuppose such a feeble moral organisation on the part of the persons selected as victims that it would scarcely be worth the trouble of using hypnotism for the purpose. Weak-minded persons with a propensity to crime would be quite as easily induced to it by other and simpler means, and these are the only persons who would be fit subjects. No one of strong principle could ever be tempted to a criminal action by hypnotic suggestion; nor could you put a criminal notion into his head. Professor Bernheim hypnotised a woman in hospital, and told her to take his watch when she awoke. He could not persuade her. Then he suggested that she should take the watch of the patient in the adjoining bed. This also she declined. Finally, he told her that her watch had been stolen by a third patient, and this watch, although it was not hers at all, she claimed immediately he woke her." T. II.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The reports that come most frequently at home and abroad are now those of explosions. Hitherto, the only instance at home has resulted in hoisting the amateur chemist with his own petard. But perhaps, now that our tyrannical Home Secretary has begun to raid the clubs of the mild exploders of the *bourgeoisie*, outraged Anarchy will respond by blowing up something or somebody in England. Nay, perhaps, even the unfortunate comrade who has lately departed by "chemical parcels post" was about to revenge the martyr Vaillant by blowing up Greenwich Observatory. The destruction of a home of science, a hermitage of exact observation and minute research, was obviously a fit means of striking terror into the heartless middle classes, especially in France. Or did the Anarchist detest the institution whose labours go to prove that law, rigid and implacable, rules everywhere?

Perhaps we shall never know the workings of these abnormal, though not extensive, intellects; but it is permitted to conjecture that unsatisfied vanity, one of the most powerful of revolutionary passions, is the most permanent element in the Anarchist's character. Society has not treated him kindly, has insisted on his working for his living, has punished him for correcting inequalities of wealth. This injury, swelling with the self-importance of its victim, is at last regarded as monstrous, a treason to be avenged forthwith, and by the severest methods. Therefore, a high explosive is combined with nails or buckshot and flung among any assemblage of persons to avenge slights that not one of those injured has ever committed or even heard of.

Vanity is a great destructive force, just as pride is constructive. Pride crushes a detractor by superiority; vanity schemes for revenge in kind. Pride resents criticism by amending faults; vanity by accusations of bad faith and malignity. Yet, though pride does not feel petty attacks and vanity bleeds at a touch, the vain man is probably happier than the proud man. Pride is often diffident; the high ideal, even the sense of high capabilities, tends to depress the estimate of what has been attained. Vanity never doubts as to the excellence of the performance; it is the audiences that are stupid or malignant—not to mention that the vain man is generally vainest of those qualities in which he is most glaringly deficient. The same man may be proud of some things and vain of others.

I knew of an officer who had signalled himself by a great act of bravery—a wonderful example of cool resolution in peril. The man was vainer than a peacock about himself and his belongings; more especially did he deem himself irresistible to the ladies; but the one thing he never spoke of at all was his famous exploit. That was where his pride housed, silent in the room where his sword hung, while vanity ranged the rest of his being, shrilly calling on the world to admire.

Many a man who might have been a statesman, a poet, a preacher, has been robbed of his place in history by the inconvenient possession of a sense of humour. Humour is a deadly foe to enthusiasm. Few are those who do not seem ridiculous when excited, and a man of humour will see the ridiculous side in his own actions even more clearly than others do. Humour in a writer who would create is often hampering, especially when the author is a humourist. A person with a real sense of fun could hardly allow a leading funny journal to be stuffed like a French New Year's gift with *marrons glacés*, or the frigid chestnuts (literally translated) so familiar to the readers of comic papers.

Jokes seem to recur in cycles (no reference intended to the N.C.U.). There are cycles of sun spots, of eclipses, of magnetic disturbances, of revolutions, of foreign policy—and why not, too, of humour, or that which we agree to call by that name? In time we may come to predict the reappearance of certain jokes with as much accuracy as an astronomer the motions of an apparently erratic comet. We shall know the year, the month, and the week when we shall see again the pleasing jape of the terrible child who asks the unloved visitor concerning the idiot or brute that the said visitor is "next door to." We shall be able to anticipate the convulsion of mirth that will strike us when the wasteful youth, reproached for spreading jam on butter, excuses himself by his economy of bread.

For why should jokes be less regular in sequence than suicides? Indeed, they should be more regular. Deplorably small as is the invention displayed by suicides, yet, at any rate, the same man does not have to be always repeating his act. Yet, there are persons who have to be facetious weekly for years at a stretch. What wonder if they have a regular cycle of short duration?

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The result of a combination between Peer and pencil may be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, where the Earl of Dunmore, F.R.G.S., exhibits seventy-one drawings made during his famous pilgrimage in Central Asia. From February, 1892, till March, 1893, he wandered through the Punjab, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and Ladak, then on through Western Tibet, and over the high mountain passes of the Himalayas and the Mustagh, or Ice Mountains, into Chinese Tartary; from there to the Pamirs, or the "Roof of the World," as it is called in Persian, and over the great mountain range that separates the Chinese Empire from the Central Asian dominions of the "Ak Padisha," or "Great White Czar." These sketches are the first exhibited series of scenes in those almost unknown countries, and their value is enhanced by the fact that they were all taken on the spot, and that, too, many times under circumstances of great hardship and difficulty, climatic and otherwise.

The exhibition at the same gallery of the work of Mr. Harry Furniss, humorous and otherwise, will not be exactly new to those who have followed with any care that artist's public record. Mr. Furniss's humour



SHYOK RIVER AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE NUBRA VALLEY, WESTERN TIBET:
THE CARAVAN EN ROUTE FOR THE VANGUARD PASS.—THE EARL OF DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



JULY.—A. AUBLET.
EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.



THE MISSING BOATS.—FRANK MASSEY.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

is of a very personal kind, and there are those to whom it appeals as very funny and those to whom it appeals as only moderately laughable. We are of those who take a medium view upon the subject. It would be absurd to deny that Mr. Furniss has a very exquisite gift, a fine sense of workmanship. His freedom and his breadth of view are always admirable.

It is Mr. Furniss's sense of likeness, however, which must appeal most strongly to any man that "hath an eye." He has a quite extraordinary instinct of what may be called characteristic pose. He catches an attitude on the wing, which, however fleeting, is, nevertheless, perfectly expressive of the whole man. In this province one cannot easily overpraise the portrait, for portrait it really is, called "Balfour Speaking." It catches Mr. Balfour in a wonderfully characteristic moment, in a personal moment, in a moment that exactly describes the man as he is. This was sometime the art of the portrait painter; but the times do give it proof that it is now the art of the caricaturist.

Mr. Furniss has breadth and freedom in his own style, but that style is confined within very narrow limits. One knows instinctively every sweep of his pen, and his composition is a matter for very quick summing-up. It is all very ingenious and pleasant, very interesting, and, occasionally, even charming, but it is not very impressive, and one cannot resist the feeling at times that Mr. Furniss enjoys some of his jests better than most of his audience.



CATTLE IN A STORM.—ALFRED VERWEE.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



STREATLEY.—MAX LUDBY.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

The question as to what constitutes copyright in a picture is one about which, we should antecedently have thought, there should not be very much difficulty. Copyright, in the main, does not strike one as a very complex law. Yet one would have found it difficult to decide offhand the position of the foreign picture-dealer who advanced claims of copyright over the pictures which are nightly being reproduced at the Empire Music-Hall with living models. It was clear, for example, that the publisher of the prints had no part or parcel in the profits which accrued to the Empire shareholders; and it was equally clear that had it not been for the pictures of which he claimed copyright these particular representations would never have seen light.

There were plausible points, however, to urge on the other side. One infringes a copyright by selling the copies of a protected work. To print, let us say, at a private printing press a single copy of a work still protected by copy-

right and to seal it up in your bookcase for personal use would not, we apprehend, be considered as an infringement of copyright. If it were so, and if one chose to push the logic of the matter very far, it might almost be said that to lend a protected work to a friend must be considered as an infringement of copyright. On the other hand, although the directors of the Empire did not sell copies of any protected work, they certainly received from various individuals what may be considered as the price of separate copies of famous protected pictures. But, again, the copies were not put into the permanent possession of any person at all; there was only one copy and nobody bought it.

The point, then, raised is a very interesting one, and it is also really complex; at the same time, it is difficult to see how the Empire case could have gone unfavourably to the music-hall. After all, the essential reason for a law of copyright is contained in the justly limited purchase of goods for a certain number of years. It is hard to see how the Empire "living pictures" could ever impede the sale of the represented prints. On the contrary, it gives them a very respectable advertisement, and there are many amorous young creatures who would be willing to purchase, in the shape of the print, some souvenir of their delight.



ELIZABETH FARNESE.—JEAN RANC.



... . PORTRAIT OF A BOY.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A YELLOW DRESS.—SIR PETER LELY.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLIVE.—ALLAN RAMSAY, R.A.

Now being exhibited in the galleries of the owners, Messrs. Dowdeswell, New Bond Street, W., and reproduced by their permission.



ON THE TRACK OF THE EXILE.—ROBERT MORLEY.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

The spring exhibition of the Early British School at Dowdeswell's Bond Street Gallery, though a little unequal in effect, is, nevertheless, highly interesting and attractive. The most ambitious portion of the show is a collection of Morlands, which passed direct from the artist into the hands of their present owners. These are only in part admirable. There is in some of these canvases a certain lack of conscientiousness and monotony of effect which rouse, with their other indubitable qualities, only a languid kind of interest. On the other hand, there are many, especially among younger works by the same artist, which are excellent

of their kind; such a picture, for example, is "Watering Horses," which has a breadth and persuasiveness in its open air, its sunshine, and its wind which are quite masterly.

Some landscapes by Francis Wheatley, R.A., prove the poetical excellence of the fine school of art to which he devoted himself and the serious achievement of this skilful artist. They certainly strike one as just a little derivative, although the richness of their tone cannot fail to please almost everybody. They remind one, for this reason—though not, of course, for any similarity of pictorial effect—of early work by Mr. Peppercorn. The school in each case was a fine and noble one, but in admiring the work one seemed to admire the school rather than the personal achievement of the artist.

There are portraits here, also, some of them interesting, others praiseworthy. Sir Joshua, as usual, appeals to the heart at once. Sir Peter Lely, too, comes with some artistic success and with more historical interest. His portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth—one cannot resist quoting "Q. E. D.'s" original observation that it is the portrait of the "famous (or infamous)," &c.—has a curious kind of fascination about it, although we will not exactly attempt to analyse the fascination.

We are not able in this column to do more than chronicle the opening of the Royal Scottish Academy's sixty-eighth annual exhibition, one for which a great effort is said to have been made by the President and Council "to render the display thoroughly representative of Scottish art." About 500 paintings have been hung from the 1400 which were submitted for approval.



PERVERSITY.—HERMAN RICHIR.

Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



A PORTRAIT.—FLORENCE MARKS.

Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



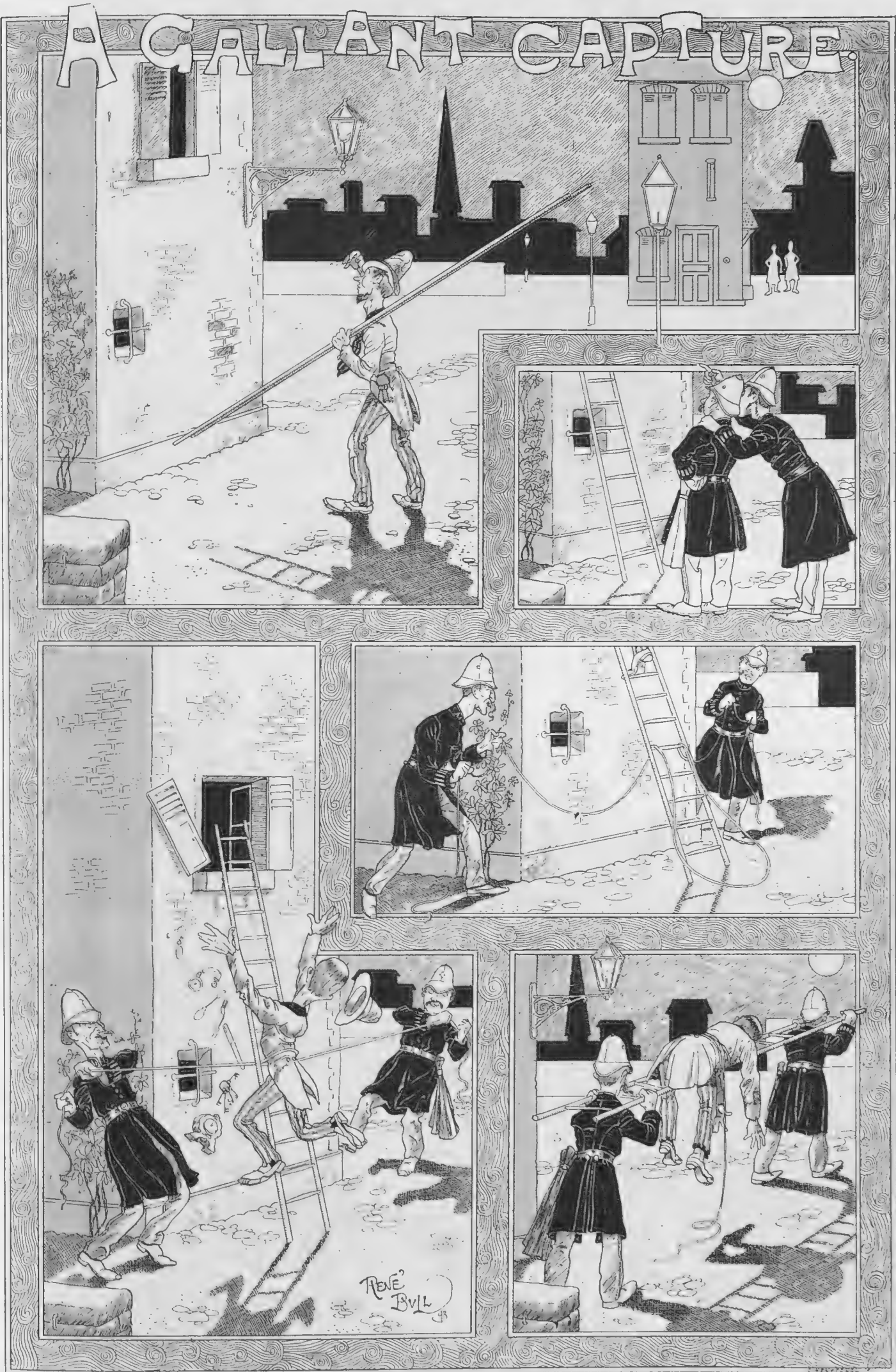
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "UNCLE'S."

JOHNSON (who hasn't been doing much lately): "Why don't I go out and enjoy myself more? Why, man, I go to three balls every week."



Back and side; go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand, go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

DRAWN BY E. F. SKINNER.





VISITOR : " Some of your ancestors, I suppose ? "

PARVENU : " Bless you ! I ain't got no ancestors. My ancestors is all dead. "

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

A LAST ADIEU.

SCENE: *The interior of a Cathedral.*

Characters: STELLA MEREDITH (aged thirty); GEOFFREY HORTON (aged thirty-two); REV. CUTHBERT HORTON (the Dean, father of GEOFFREY); a SEXTON.

STELLA MEREDITH is seated in a corner of the choir stalls, painting a portion of the Cathedral.

GEOFFREY HORTON is seated by her, watching the progress of the painting.

STELLA. When is your wife coming back from the Riviera?

GEOFFREY. Oh, not till late in the spring.

STELLA. Is she better?

GEOFFREY. No, I think—I fear not. Her mother writes that the doctor says her lungs are affected, but that the most serious symptom is the weakness of her heart.

STELLA. Are you not going to see her soon?

GEOFFREY. Well, I can't very well leave London for so long a time just now, and she is not in any immediate danger.

STELLA. You have been here a fortnight.

GEOFFREY. Yes. You see, my father is so lonely. He likes to have me.

STELLA. But he has had my father and me with him all the time you have been here, and he is never lonely when father is with him, for he is his very oldest friend.

GEOFFREY. Yes; I know. (*A slight pause.*) It is seldom old schoolfellows keep up their intimacy all their lives like my father and yours, isn't it?

STELLA. I suppose it is rather uncommon.

GEOFFREY (*rising*). I say, I'm sure you can't see to paint this morning—the light is so bad. To paint the interior of a cathedral, you want a shining light outside. Let us go for a walk.

STELLA. And be shining lights outside? I think not. I'd better finish this.

GEOFFREY. No! Do come.

STELLA. We've been for so many walks lately.

GEOFFREY. And why shouldn't we?

STELLA. We shall get talked about. These quiet old cathedral towns are dreadful places for gossip.

GEOFFREY. Who cares? Surely you are not going to let a parcel of gossiping old women spoil our friendly intercourse?

STELLA. We can talk here, and it is so peaceful and quiet.

GEOFFREY (*sits down again*). I don't feel as if I could talk freely in here somehow. This great building depresses me.

STELLA. It calms me.

GEOFFREY. Don't you mean to go for any more walks with me at all?

STELLA. I didn't say that, but everyone here knows that you have a wife, and the friendship of a married man and a single woman is often misconstrued.

GEOFFREY (*impatiently*). It's a stupid world, isn't it?

STELLA (*mischievously*). When it interferes with one's wishes, eh?

GEOFFREY (*shortly*). No, not on that account; I didn't think you would say that sort of thing to me.

[*Rises and strolls up and down between the choir stalls.*]

STELLA. Play something on the organ. It will calm your nerves.

GEOFFREY (*sotto voce*). Oh, blow the organ!

STELLA (*overhearing*). The organ-blower is the proper person to do that, or is it blown by steam?

GEOFFREY (*shortly*). I don't know, I'm sure. That is, I forget.

STELLA. Couldn't you find out?

GEOFFREY. What's it matter whether it's blown by hand or by steam?

STELLA. Oh, it is of no particular importance, only in the latter case I thought you might like to go and let some off.

GEOFFREY (*huffily*). Well, I shall go. It's quite clear I'm not wanted.

[*Stalks down the aisle and bangs the door. STELLA continues her painting. GEOFFREY returns in about ten minutes and steals up softly behind her.*]

GEOFFREY. Forgive me for being so irritable.

STELLA. Forgive you? Yes. There! (*Gives him her hand.*) Now we're good friends again.

GEOFFREY (*sits down beside her*). Yes. I think I get more irritable every day. I can't help it; I am always on the rack.

STELLA. You used to say our friendship sweetened your life.

GEOFFREY. So it does—in a way; but—(*then impetuously*) but it's no use, I must say it. It makes me crave for something more. (*With emotion.*) Stella! Stella! don't you understand? It opens my eyes to other possibilities, till I could cry out with the agony of this eternal suppression; it makes me dream of what might have been.

STELLA stops painting, and, glancing at him, says quickly: Have you forgotten your promise?

GEOFFREY. No. I promised that if I found I could not be content with your friendship I would bid you adieu for ever.

STELLA (*continuing her painting*). Yes. (*A pause.*) I shall expect you to keep your promise.

GEOFFREY. Must I keep it? Have I—

STELLA. Yes; if it is as you say, you must. (*A pause.*) Go to your wife. I am sure your presence would make her life brighter.

GEOFFREY. I can scarcely think it; and the strain of—of acting a part is becoming more than I can bear.

STELLA. Surely it is not so bad as that? You care for her?

GEOFFREY. Not—not as I—oh, Stella, I thought you had guessed how it was with me. Our friendship has been so close, so sympathetic, that I felt you knew by intuition far more than I could bring myself to tell you. You have the right that such friendship as ours gives. I am married, Stella, but—but I am not mated. Isn't it conceivable to you that a man may be united by law to one woman, and yet his whole mind may be bound up in another?

STELLA (*painting with minute care*). Such things have happened, I believe. It is not at all uncommon for duty and inclination to clash.

GEOFFREY. Duty! Inclination! It isn't a question of either. When I married I was a boy, and, like other boys, I fancied I was in love. Unfortunately, I was in a position to—

STELLA. Marry in haste and repent at leisure.

GEOFFREY. Exactly. But, believe me, in all that I am now telling you I do not wish to convey one harsh or unkind thought about my wife. She is a good and a true-hearted woman, but my mind is not hers. Were I to talk to her of all that interests me in this strange world of complexities, I should be speaking to her in an unknown tongue, while you, Stella, you seem to anticipate my ideas and develop them before I have given full expression to them myself.

GEOFFREY. You say nothing.

STELLA. I have nothing more to say. You know what I wish.

GEOFFREY. That I should go to her?

STELLA. Yes; and—and— (*Hesitates.*)

GEOFFREY. And what?

STELLA (*in a low voice*). Keep your promise to me.

GEOFFREY. Stella! Part from you for ever?

STELLA. Oh! why did you come here? Why did you come?

GEOFFREY. Part from you for ever? Do you mean now—at once?

STELLA (*tearfully*). Oh, I don't know. Yes; but I must leave that to you. Partings cannot be too sudden or too brief.

[*STELLA puts up her paints.*]

GEOFFREY. Are you going?

STELLA. Yes; I am going back to the Deanery.

[*They leave the Cathedral in silence, and pass through the Close to the Deanery, just opposite.*]

GEOFFREY (*as they enter the Deanery*). Are you going to paint in the Cathedral this afternoon?

STELLA. Perhaps; but I wish to be alone.

GEOFFREY. Very well. I won't intrude upon you; but we were to hear the organist play this afternoon.

STELLA. You can go and I will remain at home.

GEOFFREY. No, I shall stay away from you, as you wish it.

[*Three hours later, in the Cathedral, STELLA sits painting alone in the same place. There are tears in her eyes.*]

STELLA. If men only knew what women suffer in silence they would not reproach us with cruelty. How little they understand us!

[*There is a slight noise in the organ-loft.*]

STELLA (*looking up*). The organist! And Geoffrey had looked forward to sit here with me to listen, but I dare not let him come.

[*Presently Schubert's "Adieu" is played softly on the organ.*]

STELLA (*stops and listens with drooping head*). To play that of all things! [*The music ceases.*]

STELLA. I cannot stay here: it is dumb agony.

[*She collects her things, prepares to leave. As she passes down the centre aisle, she meets the old sexton.*]

SEXTON. You be in a hurry, Miss. Won't you stop and hear the organ. Mr. Weldon's going to play himself now.

STELLA. No, thank you. I have heard him play one piece, and—I've a headache.

SEXTON (*contemptuously*). That warn't Mr. Weldon, Miss.

STELLA. Wasn't it? Who was it, then?

SEXTON. Bless you! that war only Muster Geoffrey, who asked Mr. Weldon to let him just put in a tune on his way to the station.

STELLA. On his way to the station?

SEXTON. Yes, Miss; and a mortal hurry he seemed to be in. Said he must catch the 4.30 express to Lunnon. What's the matter with 'ee, Missy?

STELLA. Oh, nothing! I—let me get out into the air.

[*As she enters the Deanery, looking white and tired, the REV. CUTHBERT HORTON (Geoffrey's father) meets her in the hall. He has a telegram in his hand.*]

THE REV. CUTHBERT (*gravely*). You've heard the news, then, my dear?

STELLA (*bewildered*). That Geoff—that Mr.—your son has gone to London?

THE REV. CUTHBERT. Yes; he left just before the telegram came, and I'm afraid we're too late to catch him.

STELLA. What is the matter? How ill you look? Why do you want to stop him?

THE REV. CUTHBERT (*in a trembling voice*). My dear, we have just had word from Cannes to say his poor wife died suddenly this morning.

[*STELLA falls to the ground in a faint.*]

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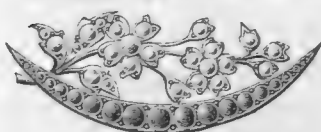
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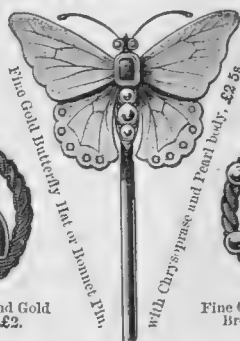
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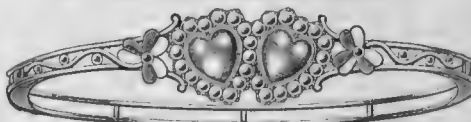


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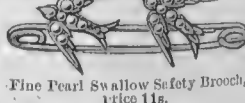
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BABY

SOME SCENES AT AN IRISH FAIR.

From Photographs by J. H. C. Chute, Ballinasloe.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

This is the age of surprises. Speaking of the 'Varsity match last week, I said, "It is notorious that the better team in these contests rarely wins"; but, for all that, I had no idea that Cambridge would beat Oxford by three goals to one. Although the record of the Dark Blues is immeasurably superior to that of their conquerors of last week, it must in strict fairness be admitted that in the inter-Varsity match the Light Blues adapted themselves best to the hard ground, played the better game, and deserved their win.

So, while I congratulate Captain T. N. Perkins on his brilliant victory—all the more gratifying because unexpected—I must also sympathise with Captain C. B. Fry on the defeat of his team. It is quite probable that Oxford would beat Cambridge three times out of four; but, unfortunately, weather, luck, and the plucky Cambridge combination was all against them.

It will be a crying shame if Aston Villa do not win the English Cup this season. They have had very little of the luck in the Cup-ties up to date. In the first round they had to meet and beat the Cup-holders, and in the second round they were asked to conquer Sunderland in the northern football capital. They succeeded in playing a drawn game, and, of course, the match had to be re-played at Birmingham. On a fearfully wet day the Villans won a really great victory by two goals to nil, only to be told by the referee at the conclusion of the game that it was not a Cup-tie. Nothing daunted, the Villans once more met Sunderland, and this time again proved the conquerors by three goals to one. This record is surely good enough for anything, and it would be hard, indeed, were any untoward accident now to upset their chances.

The first Association International match takes place at Belfast next Saturday. The English team is composed entirely of professionals, and should avenge the defeat of their Rugby brethren. I notice that Wales has made one or two significant alterations in the team to meet Ireland next Saturday week. Considering the fine show made by the Welshmen against Scotland lately, it seems surprising that any alteration should be made. Percy Phillips, at half-back, has been superseded by Sweet-Escott, probably on the ground that the Cardiff player is more robust, and would be likely to stand up better to the heavy Irish Brigade. Thomas gives way to McCutcheon at three-quarter back, but the forward rank remains the same. I am pleased to see A. F. Hill, the bulky Cardiff player, still representing his country. He is to Wales what Boswell is to Scotland, and in physical appearance as well as style of play the two men are very much alike.



Photo by Goldie Bros., Cardiff.

A. F. HILL, CARDIFF F.C.

Next Saturday the Cup-ties once more give way to League matches. Aston Villa, on their own ground, should assuredly take two points out of Bolton Wanderers. Sheffield United, at home, will have enough to do to hold their own with Blackburn Rovers, and the same may be said of the Wolves when they invite Burnley into the Wolverhampton parlour. On form, Notts Forest ought to slaughter Darwen, and I fancy Stoke will repeat their Cup-tie performance by beating Everton. Although visitors, Sunderland should not have much difficulty in defeating Newton Heath, and one is curious to see what will be the outcome of the match between Preston North End and West Bromwich Albion.

By-the-way, I hear there is a possibility, if not a probability, of the dissolution of both North End and West Bromwich Albion before next season. The North End club, once the most famous in the land, has fallen upon evil days. The few remaining players of the old brigade, such as Drummond and the brothers Ross, are by no means the men they were; but even at their worst they are superior to most of the new recruits. Meeting with poor success in their League matches, the gates have fallen off greatly at Preston, while the wages bill remains pretty much the same. Except the unforeseen happens, there can only be one termination to this state of things.

As for West Bromwich Albion, it is surprising that even in their palmiest days they have received so little support from people in the vicinity. I hear that several members of the Albion team will probably migrate to one or other of the new professional clubs so freely spoken about in London.

The victory of Glasgow Rangers over Celtic in the final of the Scottish Cup was a very popular one. The Rangers have been one of the leading Scottish clubs for the past fifteen or twenty years, and, though they had twice previously worked their way into the final, they had never succeeded in capturing the coveted trophy. The Celtic, which is a much younger club, has already had the distinction of holding the Scottish Cup. It is rather strange that, although the Celtic holds the leading place in the Scottish League, and the Rangers have only done moderately in this competition, the latter have beaten the Celtic on all four occasions that they have met this year.

Scotsmen have always prided themselves upon having taught Englishmen how to play Association football, but for the last two years in succession England has beaten in International matches. The Scotties explain this away by asserting that England captures all the best players across the Tweed. It is now proposed that Scotland will draw upon Scotchmen playing for English clubs for the International match, and by this means it is hoped that they will beat England into fits.

The day has gone past for either Scotland or England to beat each other into fits, but I believe the following team will give a good account of itself for Scotland: Doig (Sunderland), goal; Doyle (Celtic) and Brandon (Blackburn Rovers), backs; Wilson (Sunderland), McCreadie (Rangers), and Groves (Aston Villa), half-backs; Hannah (Sunderland), McPherson (Rangers), Campbell (Sunderland), Bell (Everton), and Millar (Sunderland), forwards.

A good deal of interest will be centred on the match between Yorkshire, the champion county, and the Rest of England, to be played at Leeds next Saturday. The Yorkshiremen will, of course, have a considerable advantage in playing before their own supporters, but if the Rest of England play as selected I fancy Yorkshire will meet with their first defeat this season.

I have before now spoken of the extraordinary success of the Bedford Rugby team. Up to date they have won twenty-two out of twenty-three matches, the odd one being drawn. Perhaps the best thing they have done was to defeat a strong team of Barbarians, composed chiefly of Varsity and International players. It is really surprising what a second-rate team can do when they practise regularly together and are buoyed up with the confidence begotten of a long string of successes.

Mr. H. H. Turner, secretary of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club and an old Blackheath footballer, is giving up his position as Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, to take up the duties of Professor of Astronomy at Oxford University.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

The entries for the cross-country championships are Birchfield Harriers, Bolton, Cheshire, Tally-Ho, Finchley, Salford, South London, Ranelagh, and, of course, the holders, Essex Beagles. Considering the easy way in which the Essex Beagles won the Southern Championship, there appears to be little room to doubt their ability to repeat their last season's victory in the National. Salford Harriers should make a good second, and Finchley third. Martin, of the Essex Beagles, Crossland, of Salford, and Randall, of the Finchley, may be the first men home, in the order named.

CRICKET.

In the return inter-Colonial match New South Wales beat South Australia by an innings and 158 runs. H. Moses, who scored 104, was the hero of the game. Pity we have never seen this man in England.

OLYMPIAN.

IS SPORT CRUEL?

Under the direction of the Humanitarian League, a Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Messrs. A. Morton, J. Burns, Diamond, Macdonald, Jones, E. J. C. Morton, Schwann, and General Goldsworthy for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals. Its provisions are as follows: (1) Any person who either (a) takes part or assists in the hunting, coursing, or shooting of any animal which has been kept in confinement, and is released for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting, or (b) keeps or uses, or assists in the management of any place for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting, or permits any place to be so used, shall be liable, on conviction in manner provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts, to a penalty not exceeding £20 for each day on which he commits such offence. (2) Any person who receives money for the admission of any other person to any place kept or used for the purpose aforesaid shall be deemed to be the keeper of that place. (3) This Act shall not apply to the shooting of any bird which has been released before the day when such shooting takes place.

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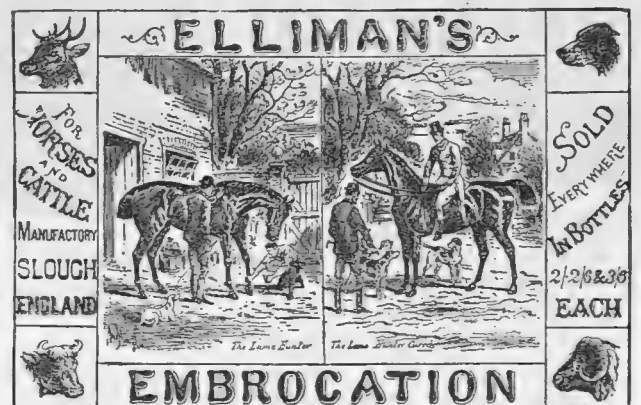
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Master of the North Worcestershire Beagles.

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Master of the Vale of Llangollen Beagles.



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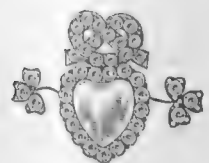


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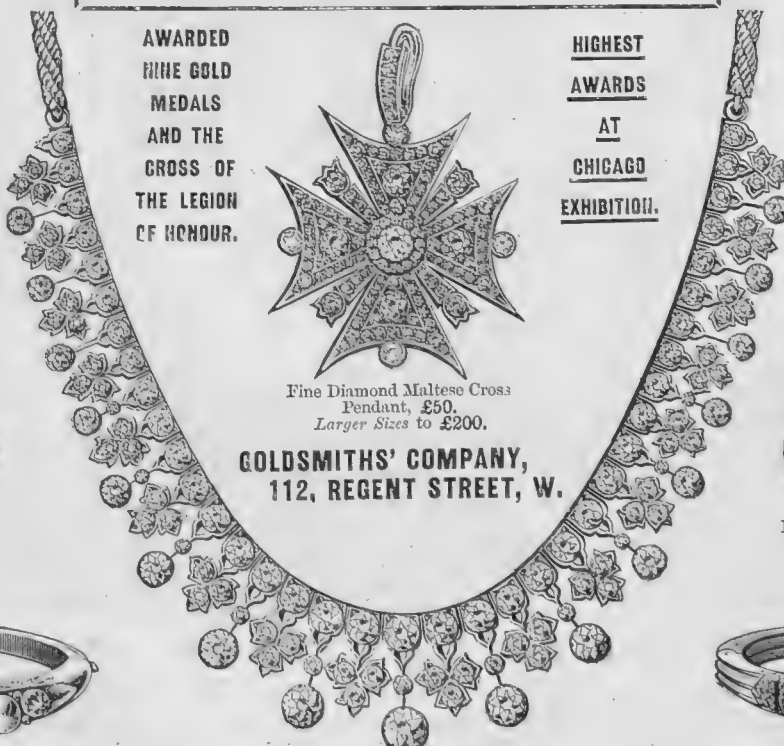
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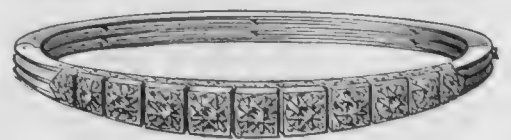
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AN EDITOR

ON THE

SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

5, ENDLEIGH GARDENS, N.W., Jan. 20, 1894.

Sirs.—I have used the Pen with which I am writing this letter for more than three years with the greatest satisfaction. I sometimes travel without any other companion, but I never feel that I am without a friend as long as I have my faithful "MABIE" with me. Once or twice when, through some carelessness of mine, my COMPANION has been laid aside for a day or two, his steel and quill substitutes have irritated me so much that I have felt that in such company an editorial life would be well exchanged for that much-maligned but healthy occupation of keeping our high roads in a state of good repair.

Several of my fellow-editors, including Rev. HUGH PRICE-HUGHES and Mr. F. A. ATKINS, rejoice in the possession of a similar companion in their literary labours, and are, I know, equally disposed to bless the skill and inventive genius of Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard.—Yours truly,

HENRY S. LUNN,

Editor of

"THE REVIEW OF THE CHURCHES."

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XIII.—MR. J. THACKRAY BUNCE, J.P., OF THE
"BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST."

How many men in this world owe their wealth and influence to that very humble but useful half-crown! People who write about success in life lay great stress on pluck and perseverance, but they never omit to mention that these heroic qualities are immensely strengthened by the possession of a half-crown. All the princes of commerce started life with this modest coin, all the gigantic fortunes which have sprung from the throbbing wheels of industry trace their lineage to that fateful half-crown!

The owner of the fine, handsome English face which appears on this page started life with a half-crown. Perhaps he had a trifle more, but



Photo by H. Baker, Birmingham.

MR. J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

the talented biographer of Sir Josiah Mason—the celebrated penmaker founded his wealth on the slender orbit of a half-crown—is too modest to acknowledge it. Mr. J. Thackray Bunce was born at Farringford, Berkshire, in 1828. He was the heir to a good deal more than a half-crown. He was born with an estate in his hand, but it disappeared in the devouring maw of misfortune. Thus, at the early age of nine years, he left the land of his fathers and travelled in a carrier's cart to Birmingham. The journey occupied three days, and young Bunce was devoutly thankful when it was accomplished.

In that city he has lived ever since. He started on the lowest rung of the journalistic ladder, and crept to the top by slow and steady steps. He learned the trade of a printer on that old-fashioned, opulent sheet, the *Midland Counties Herald*, then under the control of Thomas Barber Wright. One day ambition fired his zeal, and he dropped into the editor's box an anonymous communication advocating the establishment of an industrial museum and art gallery for Birmingham. The letter was ordered to be inserted in the paper, and it actually fell to the young writer's lot to set it up in type. Its authorship becoming known, the editor encouraged the lad to follow up his initial effort with a series of articles on the trades of Birmingham. He did so with such success that he forsook the "stick" for the pen, and became a full-fledged reporter for the journal on which he had worked as a boy.

There is a newspaper in Birmingham which the irreverent term "Mrs." *Aris's Gazette*. It is chiefly at election times when you hear Mrs. Aris talked about. This is because the old lady is the high priestess of Midland Conservatism. In the piping times of peace she lives a placid existence in that hotbed of democracy. With this old lady's

political news-sheet Mr. Bunce became identified. From the reporter's table he passed to the editor's desk, and began to hurl Jovian bolts at the fortresses of Liberalism. By-and-bye the bolts lost their force and precision, and Mrs. Aris began to suspect that her youthful protégé was not the expert marksman his initial efforts led her to believe. The fact was the gunner himself had been hit—hit by the bullets of Bright, the *Tribune of the People*—and all his inherited convictions had been blown to pieces. The fire of Liberalism began to glow within him, and he infused some of its warmth into the sedate columns of the Conservative paper. This was more than Mrs. Aris could stand. A separation ensued, and the disciple of democracy went off in search of fresh woods and pastures new.

His extremity was the *Daily Post's* opportunity. The editorship of that paper was offered to him, and the acceptance of it changed the whole current of his life. Here was a splendid field for the advocacy of his principles. He entered upon his duties in 1862, and for thirty-one years he has sustained the editorial conduct of the most influential daily paper in the Midlands.

What Mr. Bunce does not know about Birmingham is not worth knowing. Few men have such a wide acquaintance with the Metropolis of the Midlands. The length, depth, and breadth of his local knowledge passeth all understanding. He is a civic cyclopædia and a dictionary of biography rolled into one. This comprehensive knowledge is invaluable to him in his editorial work. Much of it has been acquired as the historian of the Corporation. His "History of the Corporation of Birmingham" is a monument of historical research and painstaking industry. He is also well known as the author of a *Life of Sir Josiah Mason*, while among the more prominent of his literary labours is a *Life of David Cox*, of whose works there is, or used to be, a splendid collection in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

If *The Sketch* were a political paper, we might say something of Mr. Bunce's connection with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the other shining lights of the Birmingham school. *The Sketch*, fortunately, does not concern itself with problems of politics, else a page would be insufficient to tell the story of his activity in all the great political movements which originated in that midland city. Mr. Bunce's public work was recognised in 1880, when, on the joint nomination of the Council and the justices, he became a magistrate of the town with which he has been so long and honourably connected.

MISS ELSIE IRVING.

What a wide and diverse audience the provincial actor or actress commands! Miss Elsie Irving, the young lady whose portrait is here given, is well known throughout the country as a clever exponent of pantomime, burlesque, and comic opera. Since 1886-7 she has figured in turn in pantomime at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Liverpool, Dublin, Bristol, and the Crystal Palace. Indeed, her first success was at Liverpool, where she was Haidee in "Bluebeard." She figured as a lively Lydia in "Dorothy" for 150 nights, while for two years she was a member of Messrs. Van Biene and Lingard's opera companies, playing Edwidge in "Falka" and Inez in "Pepita," which, by-the-way, was in the first instance presented to provincials. Miss Irving's repertoire is really far more varied than that of many a London actress who has been the same time on the stage. She has been Susan in "Black-Eyed Susan," Germaine in the undying "Les Cloches de Corneville," Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth," and Marguerite in "Faust Up-to-Date," while she was in Mr. Arthur Roberts's "Lancelot the Lovely" tour; and she appeared often in comedy, and even in the "legitimate." For 150 nights she played the part of Minnie Gilfillan in "Sweet Lavender." She has also been that minx, Mina Tipton, in "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," Gertie Hecket in "The Romany Rye," Lady Arthur in "The Henrietta," Mrs. Brown in "Dr. Bill," and Nora Desmond in "The Bells of Haslemere." She took juvenile lead in Mr. Richard Edgar's "Aunt Jack" company, was Melissa Small in "Lady Clare," has actually played Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" and Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," while she was the original Jessie in Haddon Chambers's "Open Gate."



Photo by H. B. Collis, Canterbury.

MISS IRVING

AS GERMAINE IN "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

THE FISHER-FARKOA DUETTISTS.

The *chansonnettes*, whether solos or duets, sung by Messrs. Fisher and Farkoa are but musical trifles in themselves, yet, by the brilliancy imparted to them by these clever artists, they become perfect little gems of harmony, while scintillating with piquant humour. For the past year the duettists have been rapturously received at the majority of the musical clubs and on many concert platforms, while "society" has welcomed them to numberless "At Homes," as until their late appearance in 'Morocco Bound' they had not been before the footlights of a theatre. Naturally, the ovations they have so frequently received

When they sang at the Imperial Institute it was suggested that the occasion required music of a somewhat more serious nature; accordingly, they gave one or two songs of a less frivolous order, such as "Aimer c'est vivre," and the "Sérénade à Venise." However, it was not till "Two Up-to-Date" had been "commanded" that they were suffered to leave the platform.

These charming duettists are not only cousins, but as regards voice and race each may be said to be the complement of the other—namely, in one singing first to the other's second, and from the somewhat singular fact that Mr. Fisher's father is English and his mother French, while Mr. Farkoa is French on the paternal side and English maternally. Both were born in Smyrna, where their parents and friends are among those holding important official positions relating to commerce and local administration. In this social circle the musical talent of the two young men in singing barcaroles, serenades, and Greek songs became so conspicuously appreciated as to occasion the suggestion by a competent critic that Europe would afford a larger and more appropriate sphere for a display of their abilities, abilities which had already received much polish in musical study in Paris. Hence we have had the pleasure of hearing Messrs. Fisher and Farkoa first here in the Metropolis, on the principle that the best of everything first comes to London, and equally as surely gravitates after a time into the provinces, as these duettists propose to do after the season is over, accompanied by artists of the first rank.

PLAYWRIGHT AND POET.

Miss E. Nesbit is indefatigable. In the field of imaginative literature she has long been familiar, stories of every kind and a great variety of verse coming from her pen. She has now turned playwright, and actress to boot. On Wednesday evening the New Cross Public Hall was crowded—and that is saying a good deal, considering how much more preferable one's hearth and home were to a public hall on such a bitterly cold night—with an admiring audience that came out to see "A Family Novelette," a new and original farce by E. Nesbit and Oswald Barron, followed by "Cinderella," a fairy play, in five scenes, by E. Nesbit, with songs by her and by Mr. Oswald Barron and Mr. Marshall Steele, the well-known elocutionist. There was an appropriateness about the whole entertainment. To begin with, the proceeds were for a school children's dinner fund, and Miss Nesbit, as the wife of a Socialist like Mr. Hubert Bland, could hardly direct her energies to an object more in sympathy with a Fabian's creed. Still more appropriate was the playing of children on behalf of children, no fewer than five of the little performers being Mrs. Bland's own family. Indeed, the second part of the entertainment might have been called, like Hugh Conway's story, "A Family Affair." The farce was chiefly interesting from the fact of Miss Nesbit taking part in it. It turns on the old-fashioned romanticism of an elderly couple of the name of Finch, who, like the "slavey" in "Wapping Old Stairs," are as much addicted to the family novelette as some folk are to narcotics. They have a niece who stands at the very poles of their little airy world, an advanced young woman whose views on the equality of men and women must out, even on the housemaid, represented by Miss Nesbit herself, who looked the part to the life in a snowy cap and expansive white apron. The young lady has formed an attachment with an artist, who, of course, wears velvet and an indescribable tie; but her uncle and aunt throw a baronet in her way in the person of Sir Chesterfield Baynes. The latter tells his love in the unromantic fastnesses of the fish department of the Army and Navy Stores, and is ultimately accepted, not a little to the dismay of the lady's uncle and aunt.

The artist tranquilly consoles himself with the "slavey." The acting was not so good as the farce itself, which, after all, does not show Miss Nesbit at her best. In "Cinderella," however, she was at home. It was charming from start to finish—not a dreary moment occurring in its five scenes. The evergreen story was told with a simplicity that was immediately appreciated. Not only were there five scenes in the play, but there were five little Blands, while their mother, the author, also presided at the piano. Cinderella was represented by Miss Iris Bland, a little girl who looked the part exactly. A tiny child, Miss Rosamund Bland, looked elfish enough for the Fairy Godmother and spoke her lines admirably. Of the fifteen characters in the pretty play, Master Fabian Bland, whose Christian name proclaims his pedigree, made by far the bravest show as the herald. His self-possession was wonderful, and he sang a capital song with so much "go" that an encore was instantly demanded. Master Paul Bland, the tiniest boy in the cast, was Second Gentleman, and his little love scene at the ball with Miss Enid Steele was very amusing. Master R. E. Bland made a picturesque page. The whole thing was admirable,



THE FISHER-FARKOA DUETTISTS.

have not made London less agreeable to them, and certainly they will not soon forget the compliments paid to them by an illustrious personage on the occasion of their singing before him at the Sports Club, the Honourable Artillery Company's *soirée*, and at the smoking concert at the Imperial Institute. Unquestionably, it is by their comic songs, such as "Vous avez tort," "Sapristi," "The Laughing Song" from "Miss Decima," &c., that the duettists acquired their earlier fame in London, and latterly they have still further added to it by that irresistible "Two Up-to-Date," an encore to which is generally responded to by them with the "March Past"—

As through Trafalgar Square
They ride with martial air,
With music bright and gay,
The Colonel leads the way;
At the warlike music's sound
The British hearts rebound,
"To victory!" they cry—
"For England live and die!"



AN INCIDENT ON THE STAGE.

Miss * * *, on coming on, finds that her cough is so bad, and she is so hoarse, that she is unable to sing. In this dilemma, a friendly spectator calls out—

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NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 24, 1894.

It would be quite impossible to pass over the most remarkable Bank return of the last two hundred years without remark. Since the day when Montague founded the historic institution which we now call the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," the reserve has never reached £22,601,698, and the proportion of over 60 per cent. to the liabilities is also a record well worthy of note. It is not, dear Sir, to be wondered at that the directors reduced the minimum to 2 per cent. under such circumstances; but you must by no means consider that this represents a healthy state of affairs or one which is to be desired. For months, or rather now for years, the public have refused to speculate, and even to invest, except in the highest class of securities, with the result that large accumulations are being piled up in the form of bank deposits seeking more profitable outlets, and calculated to produce in the future as wild an era of speculation as the one which terminated in 1890.

Goschens have actually touched par, while day by day Colonial and Indian Sterling Loans creep up higher and higher, and the public taste for the very best class of railway debentures and municipal loans becomes more and more pronounced. The same state of affairs has been seen in a lesser degree before, and, as experience is the best guide, we can safely say that within our memory there never was a time when good second-class securities presented a more tempting opportunity for the man who could afford to pay for them.

On the whole, the Home Railway traffics, with the exception of the Midland return, are satisfactory, but the market has been a weak one, and the changes have been fractionally of an adverse nature. As we expected, that astute old railway-hand, the chairman of the Chatham Company, scored an easy victory over his opponents at the meeting on Tuesday, but, as in the case of the South-Eastern, the management must take to heart the large amount of support secured by a badly organised opposition, and remember that the wise man reads correctly the signs of the times, which in the case of both lines are clearly making for peace.

Week by week, or rather day by day, dear Sir, the market records fall upon fall in the price of silver, due in no small degree to the absolute stagnation which the uncertainty as to the future policy of the Indian Government is causing. If a frank declaration were made that all attempts to bolster the rupee were abandoned, and that the Indian mints were again open, we have no doubt the market would steady considerably, but as long as the present absurd and suicidal policy is pursued we fear nothing but disaster is to be expected.

In the International market, the events of the week have been the Italian conversion project and the Guatemala default. As to Guatemala, we hardly suppose any considerable quantity of stock is held in this country, so that the sensational fall of about 13 or 14 points on Thursday last really means very little to the English investor. Far more serious is the question to what extent silver-using countries like Mexico can withstand the fall in exchange, and succeed in providing for their gold obligations, if present prices are to be still further reduced.

As we expected, Uruguayan bonds have remained firm, and the election of a Scotchman to the office of vice-president is in itself a very satisfactory feature. We are inclined to advise you that for a 9 per cent. investment these bonds are by no means a bad purchase at 38.

You ask us to tell you about your Nitrate Railway shares, and we are very happy to say that in our judgment there is every prospect of a continuation of the prosperous times which have enabled 20 per cent. to be paid for so long. The traffics keep up in a remarkable manner, and will be further swelled by the opening of the Lagunas Oficinas next month, so that it is quite reasonable to expect that good returns will continue, and that for an investment yielding even at present price well over 13 per cent. the risk is far less than might be expected. The debentures of the Nitrate Railway are quite one of those second-class securities which, under the peculiar conditions of the market, may be expected to advance in public favour and in price. As to the nitrate producing companies, we are also inclined to expect good results, and to recommend San Jorge as the pick of the basket.

The affairs of the Trustees Corporation have reached a climax, and you must expect that the concern will be wound up either next week or at no distant date. The truth is, that the investigation committee were finding out far too much, and, as we hinted to you the other day, there is little doubt that the directors are liable for many acts *ultra vires*. Whether the Corporation is wound up or carried on, you may rest assured that a serious effort will be made to bring home personal responsibility to the directors for the Mexican Southern Railway deal and the shameful contract with Messrs. Murrieta to "support the market" for the issue of the South American and Mexican Company. The directors implicated are quite good to repay about half a million of money, and the example, if it can be made, of these people would do more to prevent a recurrence of the scandal than all the financial articles and all the talk about discredit to the City of London in which the newspapers are just now indulging. The shareholders have a duty to society, and we trust you will not be backward in, at least, doing your share.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

The Empress Frederick intends to use one of Messrs. Erard's new model upright grand pianos during her stay at Buckingham Palace.

BATTERSEA'S 'VARSIITY.

Battersea is determined to take a good place in the race of democracy. Its latest acquisition is the magnificent Polytechnic which was opened by the Prince of Wales on Saturday. Situated near the Albert Palace,



THE READING ROOM.

it has been built at a cost of £50,000, the foundation-stone having been laid in July, 1891, by the Prince. The governing body—its *Senatus*, in fact—consists of representatives from various civic bodies, the chairman



THE ELECTRICAL LABORATORY.

being Mr. Edwin Tate, J.P. The Principal is Mr. Sidney H. Wells, who has taught at Dulwich College and at the Yorkshire College, Leeds, assisted by a very able staff of teachers.

The real interest in the *matinée* of "Dan'l Druce" on Wednesday lay in the players and not the thing played. We were summoned to see Mr. William Mollison, Miss Nancy McIntosh, and Mr. Sidney Valentine. Mr. Mollison, husband of a clever young lady who, under the name of Evelyn McNay, did some excellent work in Mr. Compton's luckless management at the Opéra Comique, is an actor with a provincial reputation. Miss Nancy McIntosh, who made an astonishingly successful *début* as the heroine of "Utopia, Limited," suffered obviously from stage-fright, and one can only guess that she has capacity for light comedy, while doubting her gift for pathos. Mr. Valentine, who, in "The Bauble Shop" as Stoaeh, and in "The Noble Art" as the hero, showed much rude, grim force, astonished everyone by his handling of the euphuistic soldier, Reuben Haines.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is not easy to find perfection, but I really think that I have succeeded in discovering something remarkably akin to that very desirable quality. Imagine, then, a dressmaker whose cut and fit are all that could be desired by the most fastidious, whose style is original, and whose productions are eminently smart. Well, these qualifications are to be



A PRETTY TEA JACKET.

found comparatively often, though not always, in conjunction; but when, in addition, I add, as a climax, and whose charges are wonderfully moderate, I am sure you will all be eager to know where this *rara avis* is to be found. Well, I will be magnanimous, and will introduce you with due form and ceremony to Madame Maude et Cie, whose dainty show-rooms, harmonies in china-blue and yellow, are situated at 40, High Street, Kensington, a delightfully accessible position, which adds yet another recommendation to an already lengthy list.

And now to prove my words—a by no means difficult task. First, then, I will ask you to kindly inspect (by proxy) some lovely theatre or tea jackets, one of the most fascinating (of which a sketch is given) being of tender leaf-green velvet, made with full basques, which are pointed at the back and in the front, and bordered with a narrow band of black moiré, from beneath which hangs a deep frill of handsome creamy-hued lace, cascades of which adorn the front, and form the shoulder and elbow frills, the large, puffed sleeves being of the velvet. The jacket is lined with shell-pink silk, the full front of the same delicate hue showing occasionally through its veiling of lace, the whole scheme of colouring and the general style being particularly successful.

I divided my favours between this and another very dainty production of soft surah silk in a lovely shade of grass-green. It was made with a deep sailor collar, edged with a frill of fine black lace, the full basques being finished off in the same way, and further ornamented with an insertion band of lace. The pleated front was also trimmed with insertions of lace, and round the waist passed a band of black satin ribbon, tying in long ends in front.

An extremely smart dinner jacket, which would do service with a variety of skirts, and always make the wearer look smart and well-dressed, was of black brocaded satin, trimmed with narrow pleatings of black satin ribbon and lace. It had a full vest of bright yellow chiffon, dotted over with tiny half-moons in black velvet, the sleeves, perfectly flat and sloping at the shoulders, having full puffs of the same pretty material at the elbow, a frill finishing off the plain cuffs. And for the sum of three guineas you could become the possessor of any one of these three jackets.

Now turn to the sketch of the dinner gown and imagine a dress of vieux-rose satin, the full, plain skirt bordered with three rows of iridescent sequin trimming, and trimmed at each side in front with a cascade of creamy lace. The deep basques, which were also edged

with sequins, hung in points in front, and there was a full vest of lace, held in at the waist by a draped band of satin, finished off at the left side by a sequin-edged bow, while at the top of the corsage a similar bow connected the tiny revers, a ruching of lace outlining the décolletage. The puffed sleeves were caught in with a band of sequins, and edged with a deep frill of lace, and yet, with all this elaborate detail and beautiful material, the price for the gown complete was only six guineas!

For a smart and seasonable gown, I do not think that you could want anything better than the subject of our third sketch, which was wonderfully cheap at five guineas. The coat bodice, which was of black moiré antique, with full sleeves and double basques, had a plain vest of sage-green cloth, ornamented at each side with four large cut steel buttons, similar buttons brightening up the pocket-flaps and the cuffs. At the waist there was a little band of cloth, fastened with a wee steel buckle, the collar, composed of moiré at the back and cloth in the front, having a narrow band of moiré at the top and bottom, clasped by two other tiny steel buckles. The plain, perfectly hanging skirt was of the cloth, and if this gown appeals to you half as much as it did to me you will start off to Kensington High Street forthwith, and become the possessor of an exact facsimile.

But I have not even yet come to the end of my good things, for I have still got to tell you about a dinner gown, which was a most artistic study in black-and-white, the bodice, of black satin brocaded in white, having full sleeves of white satin, the cuffs being trimmed with three ruches of black satin ribbon. There was a tiny vest of the white satin, and at each side an insertion band of the same material, edged, like the vest, with a ruching of ribbon, and laced across in a very quaint manner, this idea being also carried out in the side panels of white satin, which were let into the full skirt of the brocade. The collar and revers were also bordered with the quilling of ribbon, and the whole style of this gown struck me as specially worthy of notice and admiration. For the modest sum of four guineas there was a perfectly ideal evening gown, the smart bodice being of mauve silk, covered with silk gauze in a lovely shade of mauve shot with a curious pinkish colour, the turned-down collar and the basques being outlined with shimmering, bronze-hued sequins. The elbow sleeves were slashed open to show the arms at the side, and caught in with bands of violet velvet, dainty little bows of which stood erect on the shoulders, while round the waist was a narrow band, tying in a long bow. The skirt was covered with gauze in a paler shade, which matched the full vest. Anyone who does not think this a genuine bargain must indeed be hard to please.

There was one exquisite evening bodice, which made me feel more inclined than ever to bless Dame Fashion for the decree which permits us to wear with impunity—indeed, with distinction and *éclat*—skirts and bodices which seem to exist for the purpose of proving that they

have no connection whatever with each other. You could afford to have a skirt of comparatively severe simplicity if you were the happy possessor of a corselet bodice encrusted with the loveliest mauve sequins, intermixed with crystal and gold beads, while it was edged with outstanding loops of olive-green velvet, lined with mauve silk, the effect upon the figure being extremely good, as the loops accentuated the smallness of the waist, and added a becoming breadth to the hips. The corsage was headed by



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a quilling of velvet, and the velvet sleeves, banded at top and bottom with the sequin-trimming, fell right off the shoulders, leaving the top of the arm perfectly bare, save for the shoulder-straps of sequins. The effect of this bodice when the light played upon the glittering mass of sequins was indescribably beautiful, and the wearer might be quite certain of creating a sensation either at theatre or ball.

And then, last, but by no means least, Madame Maude revealed to me a most fascinating costume destined for wear during the early days



SMART WALKING COSTUME.

of spring, when a jacket seems too heavy, yet when the air is too chilly to admit of an ordinary gown being worn without any outer covering—would that those days were with us now, in order that without further delay we might have the chance of appearing in such an eminently *chic* gown! It had, you must know, a perfectly hanging skirt, absolutely devoid of trimming, which, indeed, it did not need, for it was composed of rich violet velvet. The smart little coat bodice, which was made entirely of Persian lamb, had tiny basques and sleeves slightly full at the top, while it was ornamented with military-looking epaulettes and cords. A dainty little toque and a velvet muff to match, trimmed with bows, and ends of black satin ribbon and touches of Persian lamb, completed a particularly striking costume, which I should like you to make a point of seeing when you find yourselves—as I expect many of you speedily will do—at 40, High Street, Kensington. Madame Maude will make a perfectly-fitting serge gown complete for three guineas, and having told you of all these good things, I think I have proved that the blowing of trumpets with which I heralded my discovery was fully warranted.

I think it is quite time, after devoting so much attention and space to our own comparatively frivolous affairs of dress and the like, that for a little while we should think of those poor suffering invalids, whose lives are so infinitely sad and hard that we who have that most inestimable boon, health, should welcome any means of lightening their load, be it ever so little. Most of us know someone who is laid aside in this way, and a good many of us, alas! include such a one among those who are near and dear to us, so I offer no apology for bringing to your notice two of the latest appliances for the comfort of invalids. They have been brought out by Messrs. Leveson and Sons, and when I was going over their endless show-rooms at 90 and 92, New Oxford Street I felt positively thankful that there were so many ingenious contrivances for rendering suffering and tedious confinement more bearable.

One of these is a wicker bath chair in quite a new design, which, being very low to the ground, is particularly easy of access. It is fitted with a self-guiding wheel, so that the person pushing it can steer it in any direction, while it also has a front handle, in case the occupant wishes to use it. One of its special points is that it is so light that a maid can push it with perfect ease, and as it is softly cushioned throughout and painted in a pretty shade of dark brown, it is just as comfortable and looks quite as well as the expensive wooden bath chairs, the prices in this case ranging from five guineas.

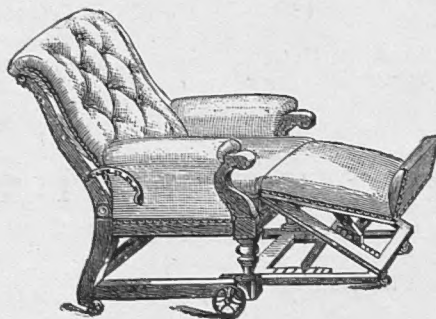
The invalid's reclining-chair is most luxuriously comfortable, and can be used in a variety of positions. By an ingenious and very simple contrivance, the invalid can raise or lower the back and the leg-rest to various angles, and the latter slides under the seat when not required; when the back, also, assumes its normal position, it is, for all that anyone can notice, an ordinary arm-chair. It is upholstered in soft repp, and, being mounted on small brass wheels, is easily moved about. It is wonderfully cheap at twelve guineas, as I think you will allow.

But one does not need to be an invalid to appreciate the luxurious comfort of the adjustable cane lounge, which can either be used as a chair or extended into a couch, in which case the back is lowered and the leg-rest drawn out. It is made of fine canework, and only weighs about 12 lb., while it is fitted with a polished wood reading bracket and loose cushions stuffed with horsehair and covered with cretonne. Though it is so light, it is wonderfully strong, and is an ideal piece of furniture for bed- or sitting-room, while in garden, house-boat, or veranda it is always sure of finding eager occupants, for it is delightful to lounge in its cosy, restful depths, and enjoy an interesting book without even the trouble of holding it. It is very inexpensive, too, for the chair by itself is only two guineas, the cretonne mattress and the reading desk being each fifteen shillings extra.

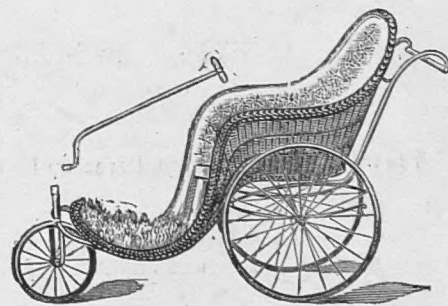
Next comes the daintiest of perambulators, destined for the use of one of those monarchs of all he or she surveys—baby. It takes its name, "Canoe," from its graceful shape, the outline forming one entire curve from end to end, the interior, which is softly padded, being deep and roomy. It will hold two babies if necessary, either seated or lying down, and thoughtful provision is made for the summer by the reversible hood being arranged to take off, so that a lace-trimmed sunshade can be substituted. The rubber tyres are fitted on a new principle, and are warranted never to slip off; and, altogether, these perambulators are so perfect in every way that even the most exacting mother could find no fault with them, and must needs acknowledge that they are good enough even for her own particular treasure. And it will be good news to many to hear that the price is only seven guineas, so proud mothers will do well to find their way to 90, New Oxford Street; and, indeed, most people will find something there to add to their own comfort, while I hardly think I need again repeat how wonderful are the scores of helpful contrivances for invalids.

The one thing upon which, up to the present, Dame Fashion seems to have quite made up her mind is that crape is to be taken into high favour again, and that the long crape veils which we have been in the habit of associating exclusively with widows are to be adopted by anyone in deep mourning, while entire crape dresses are to be the rule and not the exception. Crape skilfully treated is a most effective material: of that most of us have had abundant proof when going through the great mourning houses, and if you want an up-to-date example there is Miss Minnie Palmer, who, in "The Little Widow," looks perfectly charming in her sable garments.

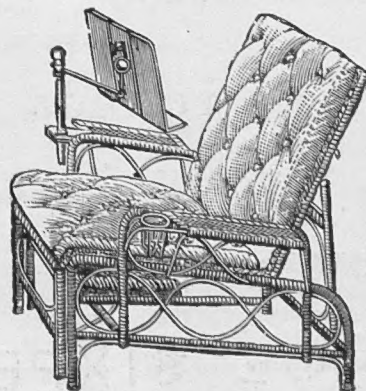
FLORENCE.



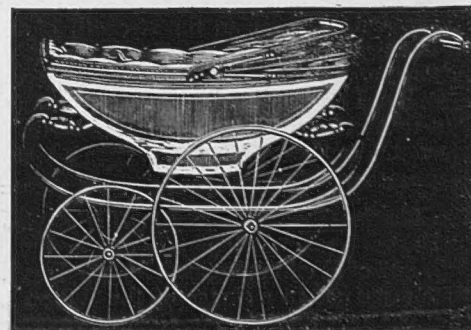
INVALID'S RECLINING CHAIR.



WICKER BATH CHAIR.



ADJUSTABLE CANE LOUNGE.



THE "CANOE" PERAMBULATOR.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

I described last week the curious and yet not altogether unforeseen climb down of the Lords over Parish Councils. The collapse is still to be consummated, but it is now as certain as things political can ever be that the Local Government Bill will become law practically in the shape in which it was proposed in the House of Commons. This is a great victory, the credit for which belongs formally to the Unionists, but really to the fact that, after all, the House of Lords is a cock that will not fight. Home Rule may be a very good cry; there may even be some shadow of ground for the belief, though I think it is an entirely fallacious one, that contracting-out would be useful in some constituencies; but to set the Lords, who have no friends, who have never done anything for any class in the country but themselves, as judges of what legislation shall pass and what shall not is simply intolerable. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain's defects may be, he is a shrewd man and a good judge of electioneering, so he wisely determined to force the Unionists' hands, just as he forced them over Free Education and the old County Government Bill. But Mr. Chamberlain has his defects as well as his merits, even as a crafty organiser of opinion and tactics. Nearly all his mistakes are due to the lack of really high character, which is his besetting sin. This defect has been illustrated in a curious way over Employers' Liability. He had an idea which, in its way and in its proper place, was a very good idea, that employers should be liable for all accidents whatsoever, and that they should protect themselves by a general system of insurance. But why should Mr. Chamberlain have proposed this scheme at a moment when he knew it must wreck a Bill drawn on admirable though different lines? Well, it is pretty easy to see. Mr. Chamberlain did not want Mr. Asquith, an active politician, of whom he has always felt and expressed no little jealousy, to carry a big measure, and he did not want the Government to score a big success with the town workmen; and perhaps he thought at the outset that they might adopt his own notion, and thus make him the practical author of the Bill. The little plan did not come off, and so Mr. Chamberlain set himself to destroy the Bill. He has succeeded. Without him all the Balfours and Salisburys in the world could not have succeeded in ruining so extremely popular and so ably conducted a measure. The Bill was shuttlecocked and battledored between the Lords and Commons for some weeks: at last it came to the point when there could be no further handying to and fro, and the Government set their face firmly against it. They determined to abandon the measure and to challenge the Lords.

THE TACTICS OF THE ENCOUNTER.

Now comes the curious part of the story. The Cabinet had taken a decision, and resolved to dismiss the Bill in the strongest and most dramatic way possible—that is to say, by moving the unusual but perfectly orderly resolution that the Lords' amendments be set aside. This would have enabled the whole party to come together in a final division. It was decided that the Premier should himself take the matter in hand, and so give to the encounter with the Lords all the weight of his incomparable authority. A special red-line whip was sent out on Monday evening, the Liberal ranks gathered early, and in full strength they gave the Prime Minister a tremendous cheer when he came in; but the whole thing collapsed. Why, we partly know and partly do not. Mr. Peel exercised his authority in the manner in which he has often exercised it before—that is to say, with very considerable disadvantage to the Liberal cause. I do not say this was his intention, but I do say that this was the result. Then, for some reason or other, Mr. Gladstone did not make the speech that was expected of him. His hearers listened eagerly for a sentence or two to give the keynote for the agitation. No such sentence came. The speech was well argued enough, but it was listless in tone, and was not for one moment directed to the constitutional issue which was in all men's minds. Certainly, the Premier was not well. He was very pale; his voice was weak, and he showed nothing of the alertness and swing which his personality always takes when he has a big fight in prospect and he himself has made up his mind as to the part he is going to take in it. I am sure that this is due to his view of the situation, that, with all the business yet before the Government, they cannot afford to take too pronounced an attitude against the Lords until they are quite ready for dissolution. But that does not answer the point that both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Acland have declared in the strongest way for a fall with the Lords, and it leaves out of account the undoubted fact that the Lords will make more utter mincemeat of next session's programme than they have of this. However, the Radicals will wait and see. As to the strength of the movement against the Lords in the country there can be no doubt. It has brought the whole party together in much the same way as it was united in the agitation of 1884, and I don't believe for one moment that the Tories either want to fight the question, or that, when the battle is thoroughly joined, they will have the smallest chance of scoring a victory.

Mr. Charles Godfrey is ultra-patriotic. Not only does he remind us that "Britons never shall be slaves" in the person of Nelson (at the Oxford) and of Wellington (at the Canterbury), but he now figures at the Tivoli Music-Hall in a sketch of the Wilson massacre in Matabeleland, called "The Last Shot." Mr. Godfrey has rarely done anything so good as in this sketch, in which he tries to sink his mannerisms. The Tivoli bill of fare is, as usual, excellent. It is a pity, however, that Mr. James Fawn should give one of those sickeningly vulgar songs about the "booze."

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Dissolution rumours apart, the outlook for the new session is not very brilliant. Between the end of the first week in March and Easter there is not much time for more than the needful financial work, and even that will be crowded if Mr. Labouchere and his friends carry out their intention of proposing contentious amendments on the Address. The Queen's Speech will be short. It will be just interesting to see whether the Local Veto Bill is mentioned: before Christmas Mr. Gladstone told Sir Wilfrid Lawson that it would be. In the event of its not being mentioned, we need anticipate little more than the Registration Bill, which the Liberals are desirous of passing before they risk another election.

THE GLADSTONIAN COLLAPSE.

Anything more complete than the Gladstonian collapse last week cannot be imagined. Even the Radicals cry out that they were "done," and some of them lost their tempers and told their revered chief that he was old and had better say his prayers. A malicious Tory might be excused, perhaps, for a feeling of gratification that the Radicals, who hoped to lead their leader, have been so utterly left in the lurch. But, truth to tell, the old man was as much sold as the meanest of his followers. When the Speaker ruled out of order the contemptuous motion to lay aside the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill last Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone still thought that he could effect a *coup* by getting the Opposition to divide against his motion that the Bill be dropped. His speech, being strictly on the question of contracting-out, and not, as he had prepared it, a fulmination against the Upper House, was feeble, it is true; but not till Mr. Balfour rose and said that, for his part and his friends', he did not propose to object to the Government dropping its own Bill did the Treasury Bench realise that the full party vote which they had arranged for to wipe out the memory of that disastrous and Cadmean victory by two votes the week before would not come off. There were signs of dismay and absolute helplessness among Ministers. They were, indeed, in a sorry position. Mr. Asquith got up and said he was glad to find that the House would be unanimous in condemning the House of Lords; but this was such a poor repartee that even the Gladstonians could not take it for wit.

RESULT NO. I.

The first outcome, therefore, of the autumn-winter session, which was to be devoted to non-contentious measures, is the dropping of one of them by its authors, rather than let the workmen decide by ballot whether in certain special cases they do not prefer mutual accommodation with their employers to the old-fashioned litigation, which has already proved so futile. If this becomes an electioneering cry, the Government will lose votes and seats, and I do not see where we are likely to do the same. The Government thoroughly deserves a trouncing. It was a mean, petty, and partisan action to drop a Bill which abolished the "common employment" doctrine, included sailors and domestic servants, made sub-contractors liable, and protected injuries to health as well as to life and limb, just because of the Contracting-out Clause, which would have been inoperative had the workmen preferred the Bill, as the Government alleged. Mr. Asquith would have shown himself to be a man of a larger mind if he had refused to allow his Bill to be wrecked on such a point. I can't say myself that I am sorry the Bill is dropped, as some of my fellow Conservatives do. I think that the inclusion of sailors and domestic servants was silly, unworkable, and never properly discussed. The Conservatives were prepared to give way here, and they had given way; but there is nobody so obstinate as your young Minister in a weak Government.

THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL.

Result No. II. is of a more dubious character; but I do not see how the Government scores either way. They were in a curious dilemma. Either they compromised with the Lords and accepted, at least, one amendment, and so thoroughly disgusted the Radicals, who wanted the Lords to be ignored altogether, or else they wrecked their second Bill with no intention of taking the country's immediate opinion. This was bound to do them harm. In the first place, it meant feebleness; in the second, the "pendulum" always swings against the Government, but most when the Government has done nothing. I was glad to see that Mr. Chamberlain backed up the case for amendment on the Charities and the Allotments Clauses, and so gave the Lords a "lead." There is no concealing the fact that, apart altogether from the action of the Liberal Unionists, the Lords did not originally receive this Bill from the Commons with any really strong expression of Conservative opinion behind it: hence what I must continue to call the betrayal of London. If London suffers from its inclusion in a rural Bill it is the fault of London Conservative members, who are too much occupied with Imperial politics to remember their more particular local duties. If London Conservative members do not amend in this respect, so much the worse for London Conservatism. But we must make our account with the fact that we had no mandate to reject the Bill. The Lords are, therefore, quite right, having made their protest, in restricting their demands to the smallest compass. And here they are confirmed by the action of the Liberal Unionists. Meanwhile, all parties feel rather as if they were treading on egg-shells. Nobody quite knows what is likely happen a week ahead. The one thing certain is that Mr. Gladstone is looking very far indeed from strong, and that some of his Radical supporters do not hesitate to tell him so.